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Collier's

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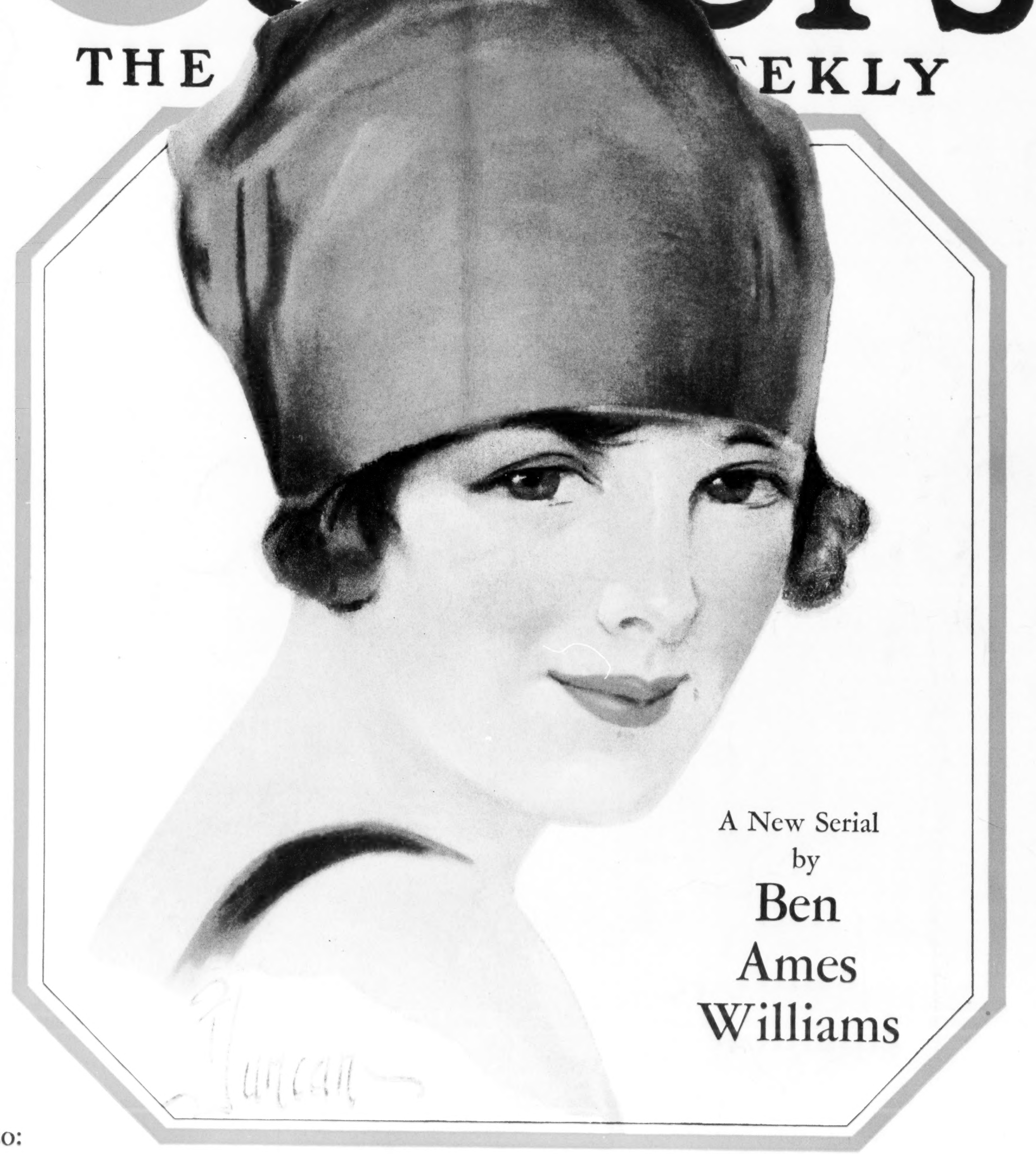


A New Serial
by
**Ben
Ames
Williams**

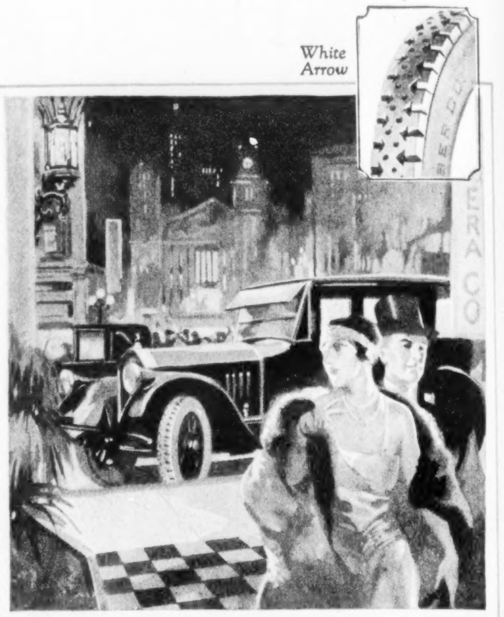
Also:

What Baseball Has Taught Ty Cobb

Why not determine now upon a type of HOOD tire to fit the purpose for which your car is used ?

Then consult with your HOOD Dealer.
Mechanical adjustments, if any, may be easily and quickly made.

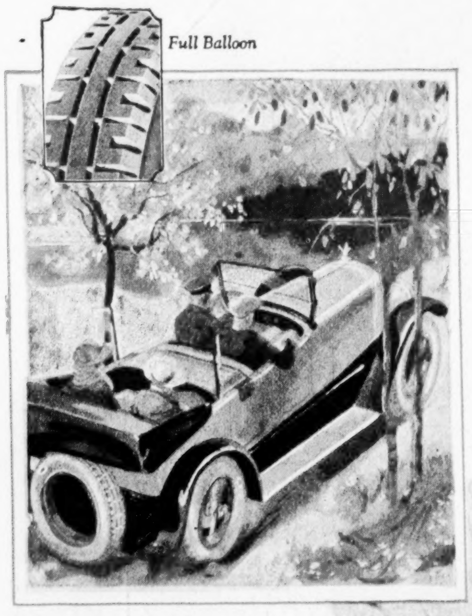
THERE are several types of HOOD Tires. Make a preliminary selection according to how and where you drive a car. That choice may involve mechanical adjustments which, however slight, requires expert knowledge. Your HOOD Dealer is equipped to render this service and it will pay to consult him when determining upon the final choice. The coupon below will promptly bring you additional information.



The Famous White Arrow Cord for the Town Car

For semi-business, shopping and social purposes where a car is used chiefly upon city streets and suburban boulevards and is rarely required to provide the degree of comfort obtained with balloon type tires, the sturdy and beautiful Hood White Arrow Cord serves a definite purpose in a most satisfactory way. You will appreciate the safety of its broad, flat tread upon slippery pavements.

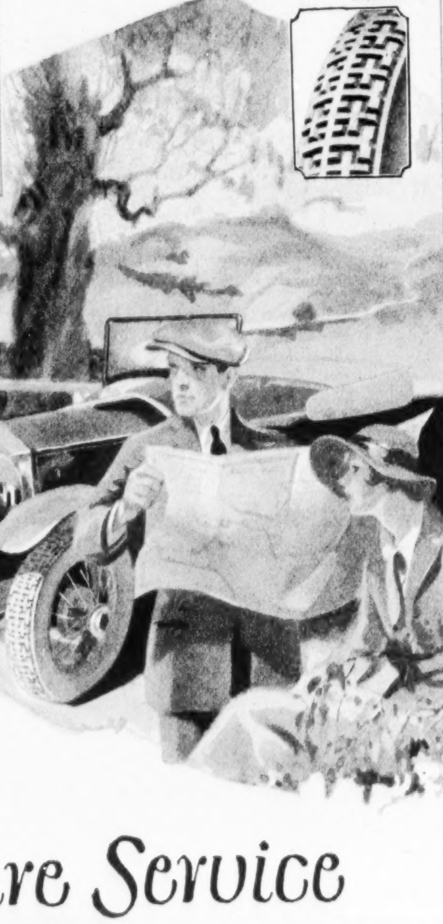
Full Balloon Tires afford maximum comfort



for those who demand the utmost comfort in driving. The practical elimination of shocks and strains adds to life of the car. Full balloon tires require wheels of smaller diameter and in most cases may be easily applied to present cars. But they are primarily intended to fit new cars designed at the source for this type of tire. Knowing the make and model of your car, the HOOD Dealer can quickly supply complete information.

Present Sizes	Corresponding Full Balloon Sizes
30 x 3½	29 x 4.40*
31 x 4	31 x 5.25
Other 4	32 x 6.20
All 4½, 5	34 x 7.30

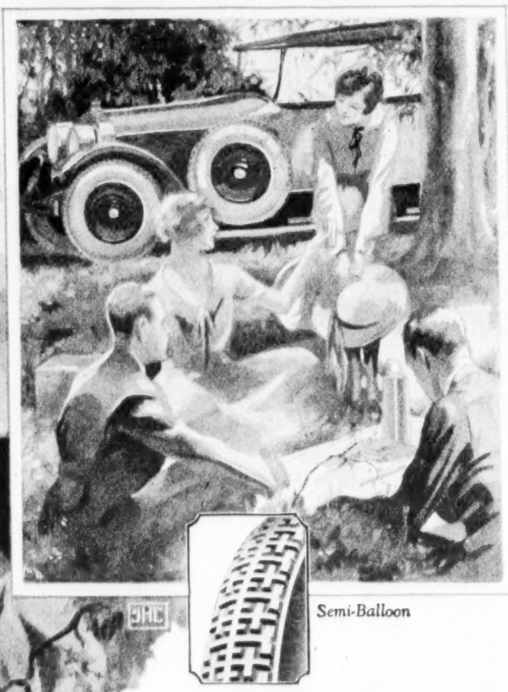
*We prefer to use HOOD L. P. (balloon type) 31 x 4.40 on present wheels, only changing to straight side rims.



Almost the comfort of full balloon tires without wheel change

For those who tour and must drive over all kinds and conditions of roads, these HOOD (Three-Quarter Balloon) L. P. Type Tires are a logical choice. Care must be taken to see that the design of the car allows sufficient clearance between tire, fender and body. This tire is not practical on all cars and the HOOD Dealer should be consulted before a change is made.

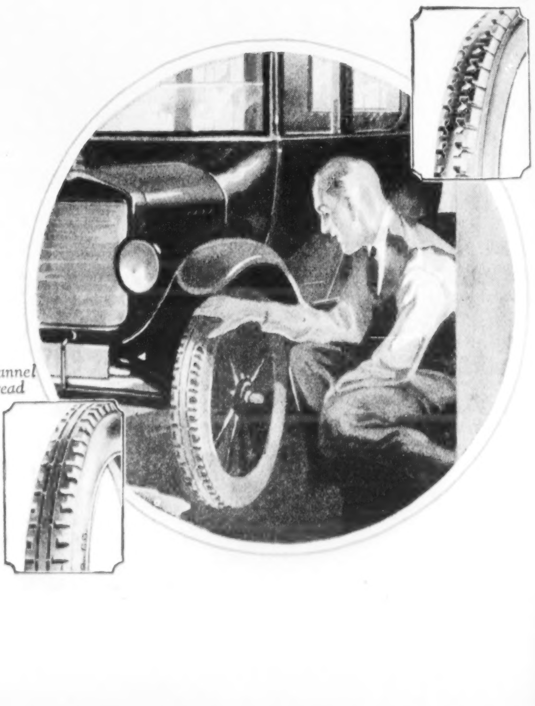
Present Sizes	Corresponding L. P. Sizes (Three-Quarter Balloon)	
30 x 3½	32 x 4.95	4 ply
31 x 4	33 x 5.77	"
32 x 4	34 x 5.77	"
32 x 4½	35 x 6.60	6 ply



The garden spots reached by thorny roads

These unfrequented byways have no terror for the occupants of the car equipped with HOOD (Semi-Balloon) L. P. Type Tires. The low air pressure of these oversize tires provide an unusual amount of comfort. They require no wheel change and readily replace the higher pressure tires of your present car. A most practical investment for those who get out into the country on frequent occasions.

Present Sizes	Corresponding L. P. Sizes (Semi-Balloon)	
30 x 3½	31 x 4.40	4 ply
31 x 4	32 x 4.95	"
32 x 4	33 x 4.95	"
33 x 4	34 x 4.95	"
32 x 4½	33 x 5.77	6 ply
33 x 4½	34 x 5.77	4 ply
34 x 4½	35 x 5.77	6 ply
33 x 5	35 x 6.60	"



HOOD Tire Service

To fit the purpose or the purse of the light car owner

There are a number of HOOD Tires to fit the 30 x 3½ rim. There is a balloon tire for comfort; the White Arrow for best all-around satisfactory service; including longer wear. The HOOD "H" Tread and the HOOD Channel Tread, both good dollar-for-dollar values for the man who does not want to tie up money in long mileage. You cannot go wrong with any of these tires. Ask the HOOD Dealer to show them to you.

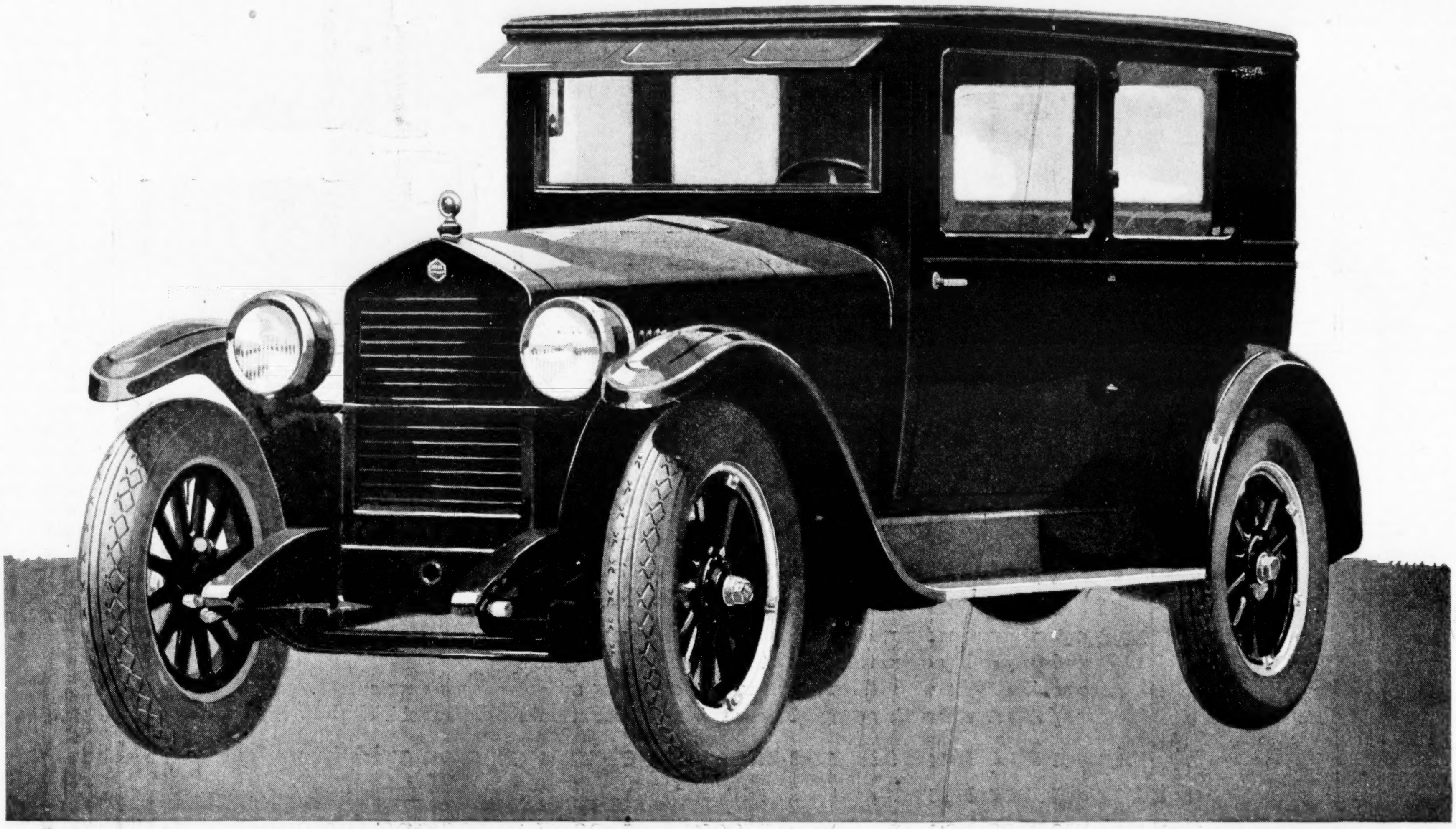
Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.
Watertown, Mass. CS

PLEASE send me instruction sheet covering the following car—
Car ________ Year ________
Model (check square)
Roadster ☐ Touring ☐ Coupe ☐
Sedan ☐ Limousine ☐
Present size of tire ________
Write name and address on margin below

At the Sign of the HOOD Service Man

At Open Car Cost

The Coach Gives All Closed Car Utility, Comfort and Distinction



with BALLOON TIRES *Standard Equipment*

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SIX
COACH
$1000

HUDSON
SUPER-SIX
COACH
$1500
Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson and Essex Are of One Quality

Be sure to Get Parts Price List from your dealer

The outstanding buying choice this year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." The Coach alone provides them. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. Everyone knows it gives highest closed car value.

And because no other type or car shares its position it is the largest-selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

Balloon Tires Now Enhance World's Greatest Value

Naturally when balloon tires had established their superiority Hudson and Essex would adopt them. They are now standard equipment. They add an even greater measure of riding ease, steadiness and good looks to the notable values of the Coach.

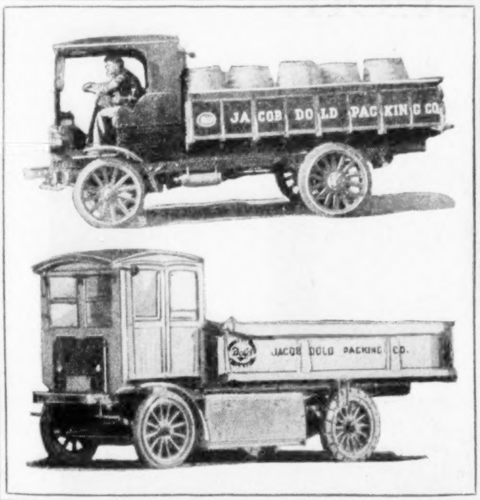
You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Everyone wants closed car comforts. They will no longer accept half-utility when all-year usefulness and comforts cost no more in the Coach.

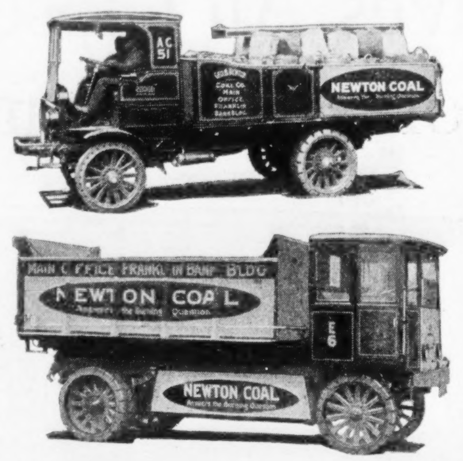
Consider how the growing trend to closed cars affects resale values. The diminishing demand for open cars means far faster depreciation in that type. As the wanted type, the Coach maintains exceptionally high resale value.

In workmanship, materials and design both Hudson and Essex are of one quality—built in the same factories, under the same patents. Your choice between them will rest solely on the price you want to pay.

Autocar Gas and Electric Trucks

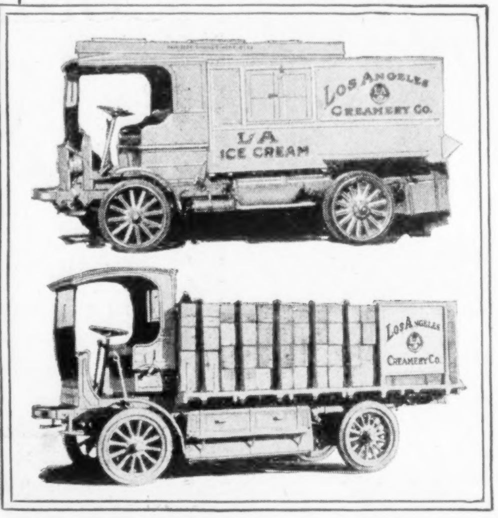
THE JACOB DOLD PACKING COMPANY, of Buffalo, have recently purchased a 4-cylinder 2- to 3-ton gas Autocar *and* seven 2-ton Autocar electrics.





THE GEO. B. NEWTON COAL COMPANY, of Philadelphia, have recently added to their original fleet of Autocars thirty 4-cylinder 2- to 3-ton gas Autocars *and* six Autocar electrics, including five 2-ton models and the 5-ton model illustrated above.

THE LOS ANGELES CREAMERY COMPANY, of Los Angeles, own a fleet of thirty 4-cylinder gas Autocars *and* seven 2-ton Autocar electrics.



either or both ~ as your work requires

Standardization on Autocar gas and electric trucks—one truck maker's products for *all* hauling requirements—opens new fields of economy in truck operation and maintenance:

One national service system for both the gas and electric units—
One permanent and certain source of replacement parts for both—
Interchangeability of parts between the gas and electric trucks—
A combined fleet with all the refinements, efficiency and sturdiness developed through The Autocar Company's 26 years of experience in making motor vehicles—

Giving truck users assurance of competent advice on which type of truck, gas or electric, to use for each hauling need—the result of the unique position of The Autocar Company in making the only complete line of both gas and electric trucks—gas trucks in capacities of 1 to 6 tons *and* electric trucks in capacities of 1 to 5 tons.

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1897

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Autocar

gas *and* electric trucks

EITHER OR BOTH - AS YOUR WORK REQUIRES

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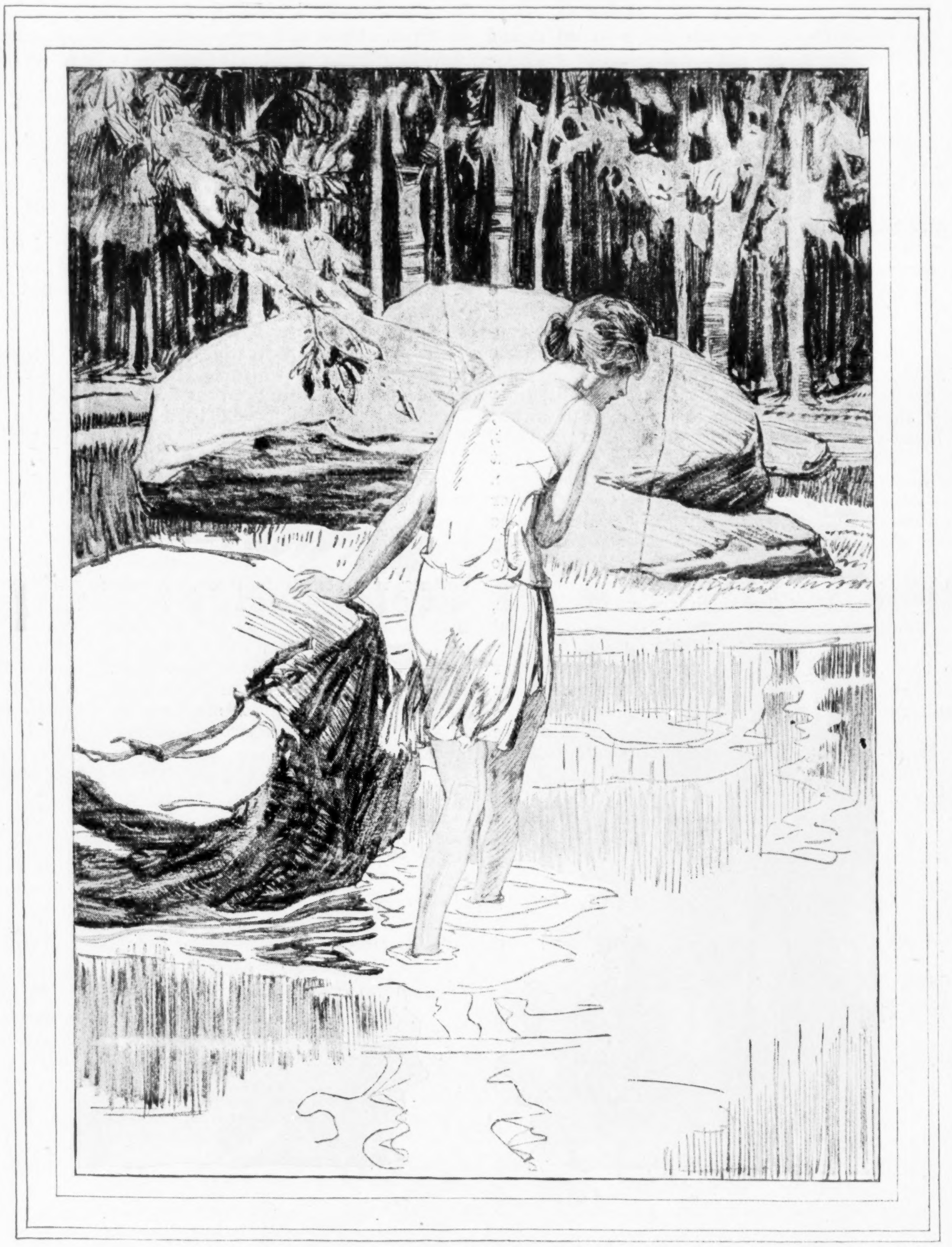
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1924, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada

Volume Seventy-four
Number Three

July 19, 1924

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.50 a year
10 cents a copy, $5.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries



She felt in herself a stirring of pagan kinship with the lovely pool

The Mountain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter I

ON a summer's day the little pond near the road from Fraternity to the sea lay still as a mirror in its bowl among the woods. The black growth, the white birches, the fluttering leaves of the poplars stirred to life by even the faint breaths of air that moved, were all reflected in its surface, perfect in each detail. Toward one end, where reeds and rushes grew, now and then the surface was disturbed; silvery drops were thrown to right and left as the rush of a preying pickerel tore the water. But so still and mirrorlike the little pond lay that even these small disturbances sent ripples widening to lave the shores on either side.

Along the farther shore a kingfisher plied his trade; the eye caught the whicker and flicker of blue and white as he flew; the ear heard the metallic rattle of his call and now and then the water was pierced by his dive. Upon each such adventure he retired to a stub above the smooth surface to preen himself and await the processes of his swift digestion before feeding again.

Across a bowlder half covered by the water a mink moved so swiftly and so silently its passage only served to accentuate the stillness of the scene. The air was very warm and the sun blazed.

DOWN through the grove of birches, slender and graceful as themselves, a girl made her way. Her hair was golden as the leaves of the birches would be in October; her soft gown was white as their silver bark; she was tall and she walked so smoothly that she seemed to sway as the trees swayed. She might have been a birch tree come to life; and her movements were so serene and so silent that they disturbed not at all the peace that hovered over the little pond. She came down through the birches to the water's edge, where lay a narrow beach of golden sand; and on the turf there sat down and then reclined, her eyes sweeping around the pond in slow enjoyment, resting themselves upon the deep green of the spruces which clothed the nearer slopes of "the Mountain," as the near-by hill was called, lifting themselves in something like devotion to its bold and brooding height against the sky.

She seemed for a time satisfied to rest there by the golden beach, the birches at her back, and content her eyes with the prospect sleeping before her. The feeding pickerel plashed again in the reeds a quarter around the pond; the kingfisher whirled his rattle, across from where she lay. In the shallows along the beach the surface was broken by the voracity of minnows feeding upon the small insects floating there.

The girl rose at last to watch them, with a slow and gentle smile. The sun struck down where she stood and warmed her, and a sweet dew of moisture formed upon her brow. She became conscious of the invitation of the water, and, with the leisurely and graceful movements which seemed her habit, sat down again and removed her low shoes and drew the stockings from her slim, white legs.

Then, with her skirts held up about her thighs, she waded into the water, the sand firm beneath her feet. The water was even warmer than she had expected; it was as warm as her own blood; it seemed to receive her so completely that she became part of it; felt in herself a stirring of that pagan kinship with the lovely pool which has always been an attribute of nymphs.

She waded farther and farther from the shore, hungry to accept more completely the embrace of the water; and when the imminent contact between her garments and the surface forced her to stop, she stood still for a while, faintly resentful, her lower lip a little pouted, her eyes sullen.

At length she moved toward the shore again, and the water about her legs slowed her stride and added grace to it. But when she was free of its hindering, she went more swiftly up the bank, and with a quick glance around took shelter behind a group of birches, where half a dozen slim, white trees rose from a single root stock. Her movements were visible through the openings between the trees, but what she was doing was not wholly apparent until she emerged.

SHE appeared, a figure from a Grecian vase, divinely tall, clothed only in a shift curiously like in cut and pattern to the garments worn by those old graven figures. It revealed arms and her slim legs, and only half concealed the grace of her body.

Her hair was loose, flowing all over her bare shoulders and down her back; and when she came to the water's edge again she stopped and busied her white hands in this golden hair of hers, so that it took form and pattern and presently was piled atop her head, a heavy strand still falling loose and unregarded across her shoulder.

She gave herself more boldly now to the embrace of the water, plunging in with swift and ardent movements, throwing herself forward till her breast met the water's breast, and the water molded her single garment about her lovingly. She began to swim, with the uncertain movements of the novice, sweeping her white arms back and down along her sides.

The water bore her up, and the golden heap of her hair moved across the little pond's surface, her white body seen translucently, pale as ivory, yet warm as amber too, for the sandy beach extending far out lent a golden tone to the water in which she swam.

When she was a little weary she lowered her feet till they found the sand, and stood, her arms resting on the water at her sides, poising herself in the soft sway and movement of the currents her coming had set in motion. Only her toes touched the sand, and that so lightly she seemed to have no weight or substance at all—was rather like a thing imagined there.

STANDING thus, she faced the shore; and standing thus she saw a young man coming along the margin of the pond. This young man was as tall as she, but of a darker coloring and a more stalwart mold. He bore in his right hand, like a lance, a long bamboo rod; and she knew he was bound to fish for pickerel in the reedy cove beyond her.

Before she saw him he was already so near that she could not escape until he should have passed by; she was thus held prisoner in the golden water, and a richer color overspread her brow and her eyes drooped in faint panic as she watched him. Each moment she expected his eyes to turn in her direction; she fought to find strength to meet them. Even beneath the surface of the water, her arms burned with shame.

The young man came steadily along the shore, his eyes before him, choosing his way among the small bowlders which formed the lip of the pond. He seemed unconscious of her presence; and his glance never turned out over the water at all. He approached the little beach, and she saw that her shoes and her long stockings were in his very path. When he came to them, he must stop, must look toward her; and she could do nothing but wait for this discovery.

The young man came to the beginning of the little beach and went forward more swiftly along its easier footing. The girl pressed her hand across her mouth to stifle a cry. Her stockings lay just before him; he was upon them. Now he would stop and look around.

But he did not stop, nor did he look around. He went as steadily forward as though he had seen nothing; passed where the stockings lay, his eyes still about their business of choosing his course; and so approached the point beyond the beach and rounded it and disappeared into the shallow cove beyond. A moment later she saw him reappear once more, following still along the shore; and she watched till he passed a second point and disappeared completely and finally from her view. Where the pickerel fed was further still; and the girl knew he would go on till he came to that spot. Knew—and found her heart full of understanding and full of happy delight.

When she was sure he was gone, she moved a little toward the shore, floating on her breast, her long arms sweeping with a flowing motion through the water. Presently she reached a point where the shelving beach permitted her to wade more easily than to swim; and she paused here for a moment, crouching a little with the water about her shoulders, looking along the shore. Then, reassured, she stood erect, her white garment clinging; and with the slow, smooth strides the impeding water enforced upon her, she waded to the shore and stepped upon the firm sand. The birch trees received her, seemed to form a friendly screen about her, as with her shift wrung dry she wiped the drops of water from her limbs and once more assumed her clothes.

From the northwestern crest of the Mountain, looking southward across the little pond, it was possible to perceive the bright shingles of a new barn beside the road. Beyond the barn lay a white house, a weathered barn smaller than the new one, and a stand of less pretentious buildings. Here, on his farm at the foot of the Mountain, lived Dave Beard.

Beard was, at the time of the incidents here to be related, about forty-five years old, his wife a little younger, their daughter, Jennie, soon to enter upon her twenties. They had no other children. Dave had never particularly desired other children, though he had repeatedly and forcibly expressed his disappointment that Jennie was not a boy. He used to point out to Mrs. Beard that there was no more work about the house than she could comfortably do, that she needed no helping hand, while he could have used a stout young son in the fields.

BEARD farmed his lands with somewhat more vigor than most of his neighbors displayed; farmed them in a curiously arrogant and relentless fashion, compelling worthless fields to bear in a manner which had a vague and intangible brutality about it. Some farmers nurse and coddle their land; Beard drove his.

The distinction is not so much one of method as of manner; and it was characteristic of the man. He had a vigorous young orchard and the trees bore for him, as it were, under a threat of death; he knew a dozen methods of putting this fear into them. A wire twisted around the bark on a limb that failed to bear was apt to result in an astonishing crop of apples. For one year. Thereafter the limb might die, or it might live on in sickly fashion, slowly regaining its strength until Dave turned his attention to it once more.

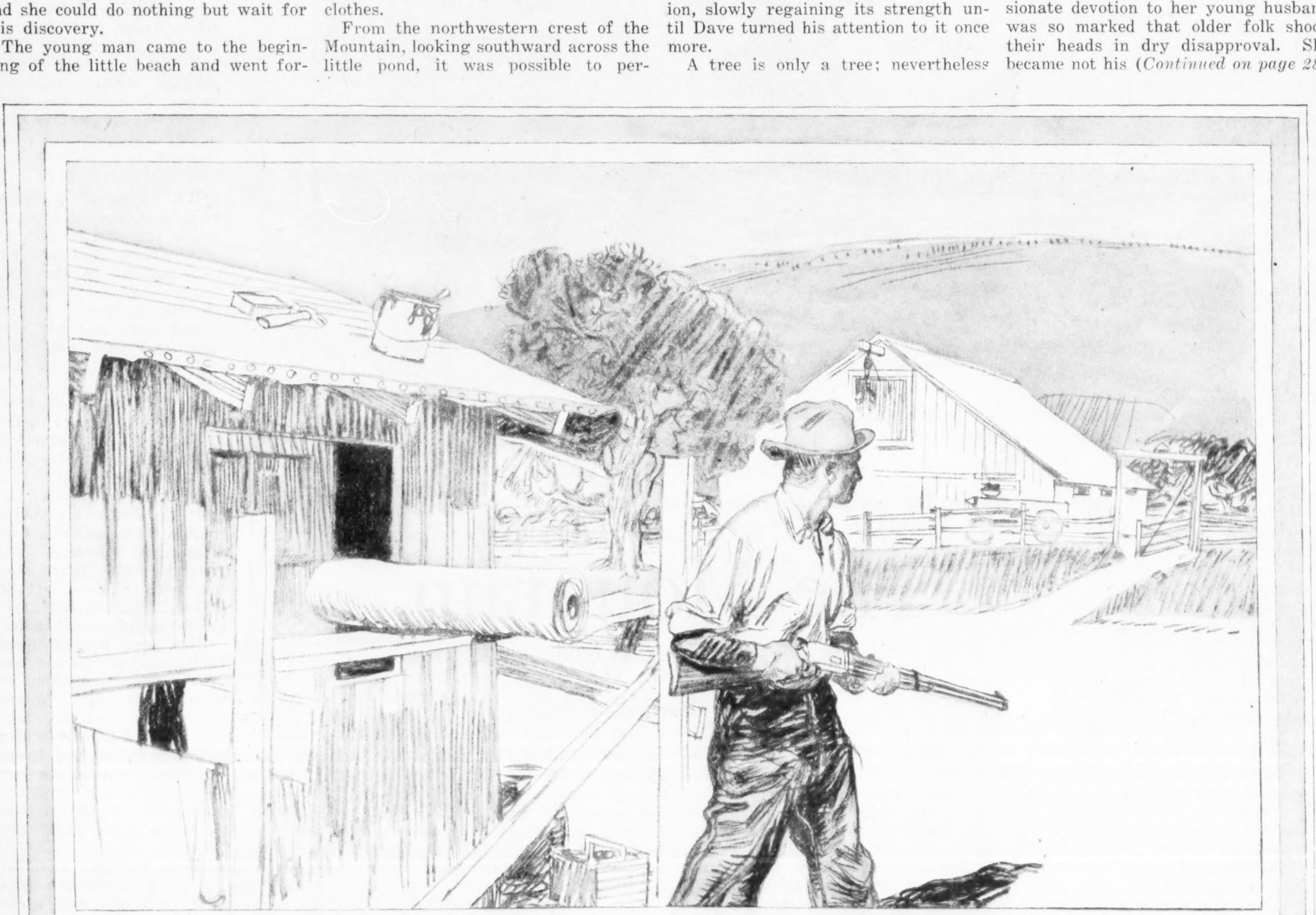
A tree is only a tree; nevertheless there was something vaguely and sickeningly atrocious about such methods as Beard used. His young trees bore earlier than those of his neighbors; but —and Chet McAusland pointed out to him one day—they also died more easily. Beard laughed at the remark.

"No better firewood than a dead apple tree," he commented; and Chet, who is as gentle as a woman, looked at him in mild wonder. But he did not reply. There was never any profit in an argument with Beard. The fact that his farming was—as such things go in the locality—successful could not be denied; and Beard never hesitated to use this circumstance in order to silence an opponent.

He fed his team well—and used the whip upon them. He fattened his oxen —and goaded them till they bled. He forced his hens to lay, and those which were reluctant went into the pot. His swine put on weight so fast they assumed the distended appearance of toy balloons. And his fields bore heavy crops, then sank back exhausted till by the prodigal use of dressing and fertilizer he drove them into production again. Oh, the man's farm was prosperous. His methods, say what you will against them, were undeniably successful.

Beard himself was a native of Fraternity; the girl whom he married —and she was both spirited and beautiful at the time—was born and grew up on a farm on the George's River, halfway to Appleton. His bold wooing had a compelling quality which overswayed her; she resisted as long as she was able, but when she surrendered at last it was so sweepingly that her own spirit was merged in his; her passionate devotion to her young husband was so marked that older folk shook their heads in dry disapproval. She became not his

(Continued on page 28)



A few lessons like this, Beard thought, and people would leave his berries alone. He watched to see the figure reappear

What Baseball Has Taught Ty Cobb

By Dayton Stoddart

Can You Answer These 12 Questions?

TY COBB, for twenty years a big leaguer, is regarded by not a few as the greatest ball player who ever lived. So much has been written about him that doubtless you think anything you now read about him is "old stuff." If you can answer these questions you're right; but can you?

1. Who was the pitcher Ty found hardest to hit?
2. When was he on the point of giving up baseball forever?
3. And what, consequently, was the turning point in his career?
4. What team does he think the greatest ever?
5. How did he prevent Doc White from striking him out?
6. What profession did he want to follow when he was young?
7. Does he prefer single or married men for his team? Why?
8. Does he want his son to be a professional ball player?
9. Who does he think was the greatest pitcher he ever saw?
10. What city has the hardest baseball nuts?
11. Why does he never eat lunch?
12. Why will he pay to a young pitcher with a good arm (and don't forget the good head) enough salary so the pitcher can earn $250,000 in baseball?

The answers to all these questions you will find in this article.

IDOLS have a habit of sliding from pedestals on being met face to face. But I still have one idol left, and that is Ty Cobb.

I remember him first when I used to hang around the outside of the ball parks in Philadelphia, waiting for someone to knock a ball over the fence, so that we could use it as a ticket of admission. After the game, with other kids, I used to wait around to see the heroes emerge on their way to the hotel.

Cobb was the greatest of these. And though an enemy—in consequence of not being on either of the Philadelphia teams—he was held by the kids in higher regard than any other ball player. That proved itself by the fact that his picture—one of a series that were issued with a popular cigarette—was worth ten of the others. Matty was worth five of the others; Nap Rucker, three; and so on.

My enthusiasm for him grew with years. It survived even the spectacle of seeing both him and Crawford struck out by Eddie Plank with the bases loaded. It survived even riding out with him to the ball field on a street car. Having accumulated, in the eight years intervening, a few more questions, I saw him again. This year is his twentieth in the big leagues; and I wanted to know how he was able to stick so long and still do so well. Virtually all those starting in with him then have been forgotten and yet his batting eye is as sharp as ever, and his brains even sharper. But then his brains always have been the greatest part of his offensive.

Brains more than anything else have made Ty. Other players have been faster—Hans Lobert was one—and there are many more who have better throwing arms. I am not denying to Ty his undoubted physical virtues, but he made them seem superhuman through fast thinking. And though his legs have slowed down somewhat, his brain has not.

I asked him how he could keep on after twenty years of hard playing in baseball and still be as youthful in his enthusiasm as he was ten or fifteen years ago.

"I'VE always," he answered, "been intensely interested in trying to do what I'm doing better than anybody else." (The language is always his and not mine, and if you have the idea that a professional ball player can't speak his thoughts precisely and correctly, you're wrong.) "I try to improve on what I'm engaged in, and to improvise."

That may sound egotistical, but it isn't. Leaving my personal feeling for him out of it, Ty is one of the very, very few men I ever have met who have been honest in not reaching out for publicity. He likes to talk baseball, but he is not keen on talking about himself. Direct questions elicited this:

"I wanted to be a surgeon when I was young and had hopes of going to the University of Georgia. I began playing ball when I was about twelve, and kept on for three or four years. I was crazy about baseball and football. Some of the surrounding towns would ask some of our fellows to play with them and, when I got older, they asked me. They used to pay a little money, but I never took any, because, as I said, I wanted to go to the university and play baseball and football there, and to do so I had to be an amateur. Finally a friend of mine who played on the same team went to the Southern League for a try-out. I watched the papers for news of his progress, and in that way I began to read the news of the big leagues and became interested in professional baseball. At the end of the season my friend came back and fired me with tales of his team and the league. And when spring came along I wrote letters to two teams in the old South Atlantic League, and received a reply from the Augusta team, telling me I could have a trial if I paid my own way.

"I want to say here that environment helps to drive anybody to success. The country boy and the small-town boy who has health and ambition and brains—don't forget that ambition—has got to make good when he goes to the city. He can't afford to come back home a total loss.

"Well, anyhow, I went to the Augusta team, and it looked as if things had broken right with me. There didn't look to be any berth for me at first, but before the opening game one of the fielders, who had played outlaw ball, had to wait until his case was fixed up. That gave me my chance. I was very fortunate. In the first game I made a home run and a two-bagger; in the second a single. And just when I thought I was doing all right I was released. The other fellow had been reinstated and was ready for his old position.

"I didn't know what to do. My father was against my playing ball, but I called him up on the long-distance, feeling sure he would tell me to come home. That's just what he told me over the telephone, but he asked me what I had in mind. I told him I had an offer with a smaller club.

"'Take it,' he said. 'Don't come home a failure. Show them you're not a failure!'

"That was the turning point of my career. I went to the smaller club, at Anniston, Ala., and played with the team there. I did pretty well—well enough to make Augusta want me back. But I wouldn't go, because I thought I hadn't been treated right. But finally when the manager, Con Strithers, was forced out by the fans, and a new manager appointed, I rejoined Augusta. I did only fair. But in August the Detroit Club bought me.

"That shows how fortunate I've been through my whole career. Dick Cooley, one of the fielders on the Detroit team, became ill and I was stuck right into the Tiger outfield. I got a chance to get settled in my surroundings. And the next spring, when a fielder was hurt, they put me in. I said to myself as I ran out to his position in the field: 'He's not going to get back if I can help it. I'll do anything, fall into the fence after a fly, but he's not coming back. I'm going to stick.'"

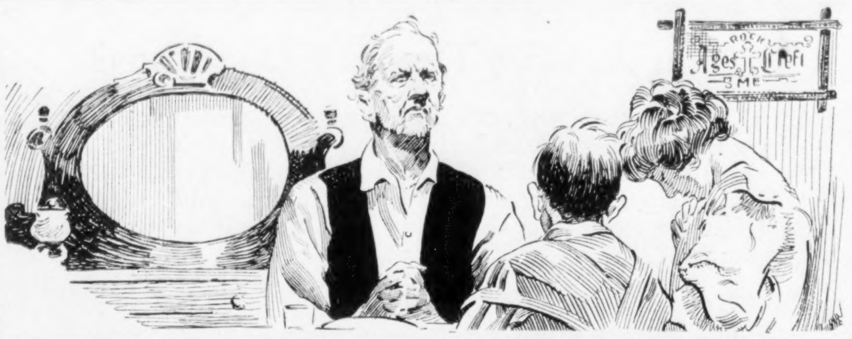
He has—for **twenty years.**

STILL, it wasn't so easy at first. The infield looked miles away, and the home plate was so far away it seemed hopeless to throw to. But Ty got used to it, as he did with everything else. And then, when he got accustomed to things, he began to think baseball. Hughey Jennings, then manager of the Detroit team, started the players to thinking baseball. And this had considerable to do with the Tigers winning the championship in 1907 from the Athletics in a driving finish. For the Tigers then began to improvise plays that surprised their opponents, and in this improvisation Cobb was then, as now, a figure forefront in their counsels.

Still he gives Claude Rossman, old first baseman for the Tigers, the credit for some of the plays. Rossman followed Cobb in the batting order, (*Continued on page 21*)

Why I Am Not a Church Member

By W. O. Saunders



$100 for Best Letters Telling What You Think of Your Church

Mr. Saunders said when he sent this article to Collier's: "I don't know whether you would dare use it, but I have a deep conviction that it is the thing that should be said."

We are glad to print it. It is written in sincerity and relates a human experience through which many persons have gone. Here is a deeply religious man who would like to join a church that makes practical application of the Sermon on the Mount as an ideal of everyday conduct. Perhaps his opportunities have been limited, for there are such churches and they would like to take in just such men.

What Mr. Saunders says will be challenged by many readers who are satisfied with their church. We expect that. The more it is challenged successfully the better pleased we shall be. We hope this article will be widely read and discussed, for out of this can come only good things for the kind of church that practices what it preaches—and that's the kind of church that millions would want to join.

Collier's invites answers to and comment on this article. You can tell either "Why I'm a Church Member" or "Why I'm Not a Church Member."

For the best letter, judged by the staff of this magazine, $50 will be paid; second best $30; third best $20. Letters must be limited to 500 words each and must be in this office by 6 p. m. August 15th.

Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York

I WAS born and reared in a religious household and spent my boyhood in a small, tight-fisted orthodox religious town. My father was a Baptist who believed that the way of salvation was only through immersion, abject fear of both God and the devil, and an uncompromising belief in the Bible from "kiver to kiver."

My mother, who had been a Methodist before she married my father, was not a stickler for the form of baptism, but she had a quiet and profound faith in God and the Holy Word. The fact that much in the Bible was an enigma to her did not bother her a bit in the world; what she didn't understand she laid down to her own lack of wisdom and let it go at that, sure in her own mind that simple faith in God and His Word was all that mattered. Father always had a prayer on his lips and mother always carried a prayer in her heart; he was humble, pious and reverent in his way; she was meek, gentle and reverent in her way. They both willed that I should be a Christian and father even dared to hope that I should be a minister of the gospel he loved so well. All of my neighbors were church folks and if there was a skeptic in the whole town he had never proclaimed his skepticism. There were certain profane and impious ones, but even these professed to believe in the Bible and I was impressed by the fact that an uncle of mine, who cursed like a trooper and made apple brandy, always read his Bible faithfully at sundown.

A Backslider at 12

I JOINED the church when I was twelve years old, because I was assured by a rip-snorting evangelist that I would be damned if I didn't, and it seemed to be the safe and popular thing to do. I managed to shed some tears at the mourner's bench and tried to make myself believe that I had been very bad and was now about to be very good and inherit eternal salvation.

But that very night I fell in with a chum and made a raid on a neighbor's melon patch. There was something altogether unreal about the religion which I had pretended to embrace. I might have felt bad about it, but with boyish wisdom and wide-open eyes I beheld my elders on every hand to whom religion also was an unreal thing, in spite of all their pretensions. I took an active part in the church because it was the only thing to do; there were few other social activities in the town and the church was the only thing in the town approaching a social club or community center. But I was uneasy about my religious pretensions and was forever questioning things. Why were Methodists and Baptists always quibbling and quarreling over points of doctrine? Why did the Episcopalians hold themselves off as a select and exclusive crew, superior to the common herd? And why did both Methodists and Baptists look with scorn upon Episcopalians?

The existence of the Catholic faith also perplexed me, since it made indisputable claims to seniority, must indeed have been the mother church, and yet was anathema in the mouths of all Protestants. Neither could I understand why Christians held Jews in such contempt when they had accepted a Jewish Bible and worshiped a God who had called the Jews his chosen people.

I left home when I was seventeen years old and left the church behind me. I did not seek a new church affiliation where I went and had no desire to go to church. Then I began to think about it all and to dare to question the sincerity of church folk and to doubt even the authenticity of the Bible itself. In time I became an out-and-out skeptic.

But there is no satisfaction in being a doubter, a skeptic, an unbeliever, a pariah. There is in the heart and soul and mind of man a hunger for eternal truths, a consciousness of mortal weakness and a yearning for leadership. By all the rules of psychoanalysis, even the sturdy Ingersoll felt this when, standing by his brother's bier, he said: "Life is a barren vale between the cold and distant peaks of two eternities; we strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud and echo is the only answer to our cry; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

And so it was with me. There was no peace in me. At the age of thirty I found myself turning seriously to religion again for an answer to my troubled heart. I read the Bible seriously for the first time in my life, and while I found much in it that I did not like and much that seemed so trivial and out of place in such a book, I found, nevertheless, a hopefulness, a sublimity and eternal truths that made me glad. I read and re-read the Sermon on the Mount and believed I had found at last the one great and infallible guide for human conduct.

The Magnificence of Jesus

AFTER all, only two commandments mattered; to love God with all one's heart and love one's neighbor as one's self. For the first time in my life I felt like going down on my knees reverently in prayer and giving myself wholly to the author of that finest of all concepts of life. Jesus became to me the most sublime, the most manly and most magnificent character in all history. Whether God or man did not matter; it was enough to know that here was one who lived so clean, so pure, so friendly, so generous, so brave and so understanding that, when nailed to a cross by a seething, howling mob, he could look down upon the fiendish faces of his jeering tormentors and say out of the fullness of a great heart: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Thrilled and beatified by this revelation of the magnificence of Jesus I was ready to give myself to him and dedicate my life truly to his service.

But I am only a weak and average mortal and the weak and average mortal must have fellowship and leadership to persevere and succeed in any good resolution. I turned again to the church in quest of that fellowship and that leadership. And the church failed me. I withdrew from the church after a new experience of some eighteen months in it, having sought to find more of this Jesus in the church founded upon his name, and having sought in vain.

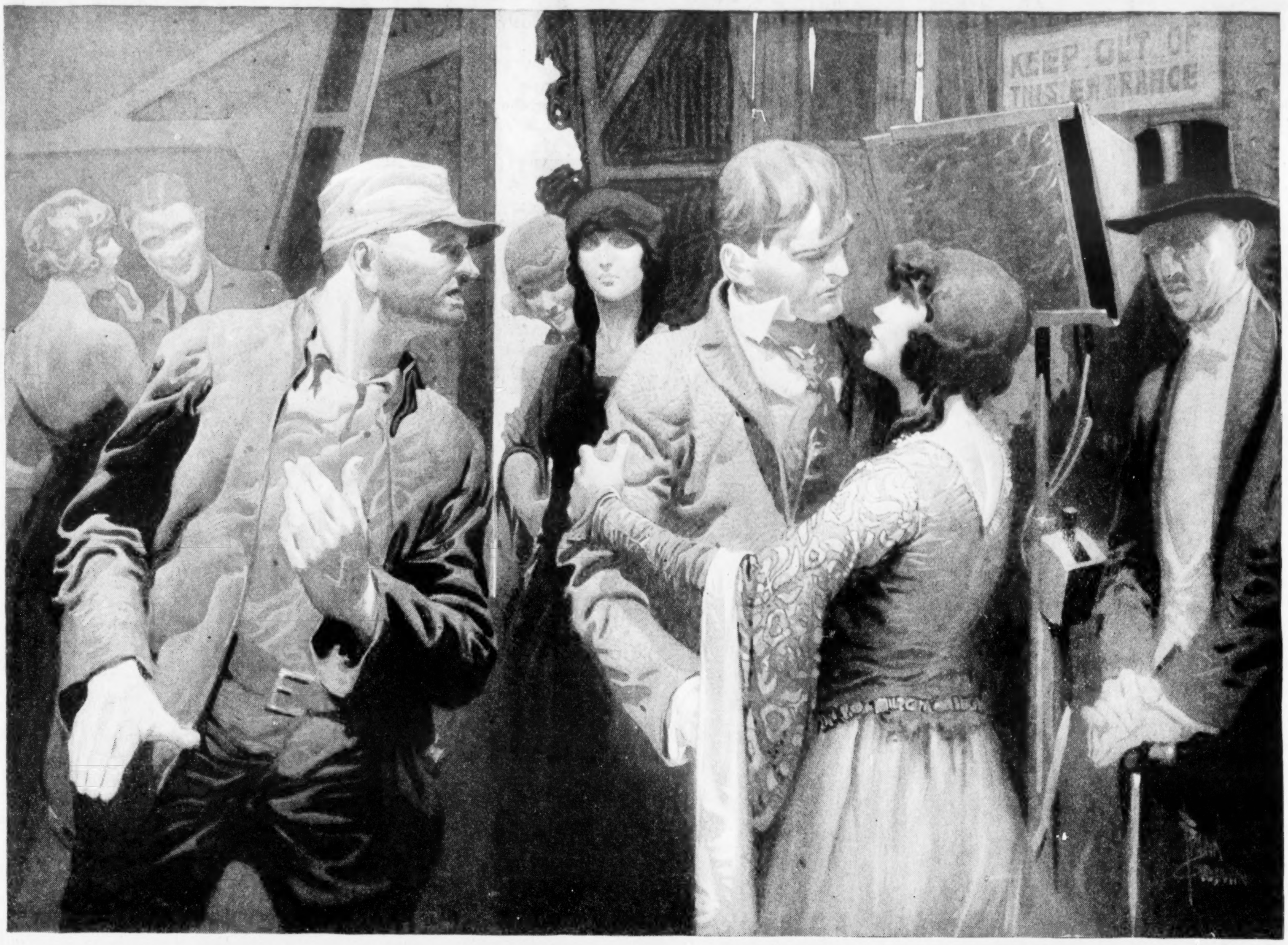
I could not find that the church was seriously concerned about the fundamentals of the faith it professed. I was eager to affiliate with a band of fearless and adventurous souls who would dare to undertake the fine experiment of loving one's enemies, of doing good to those who would hate, revile and persecute us. I was eager for a fine and generous company dedicated to the idea of human brotherhood and daring to accept every other human as the child of a common father. I anticipated that all the ills and conflicts with which the world is afflicted and beset would vanish before such a scheme and that humanity could go marching joyously down the highways of all future time with one song on its lips: "We Shall Study War No More." I say I did not have the strength and the courage to engage in such an experiment alone; but with the aid and fellowship of millions of followers of Jesus seriously, intelligently and purposefully embracing his faith, I thought I could do my bit and carry on.

Is Soul-Saving Important?

BUT I found only disappointment in the church; I found no serious contemplation or study of the fundamental thing that Jesus taught. There was much talk about bringing the unsaved into the church and of sending the gospel to the heathen, but no serious talk of the vital business of genuine brotherhood. And no one seemed to have caught that vision of Jesus on the cross who, racked with pain, and weak and faint from the loss of his precious blood, looked down with compassion into the fiendish faces of the brute mob that thrust spears into his side, thorns upon his head and vinegar upon his lips, and asked His Father to forgive them.

And so here I am without the pale again, secretly sorrowing and hungering for companionship and leadership in a great adventure that will earnestly seek the higher values of life regardless of immediate self-interest, and insure that peace on earth and good will toward men that will make this earth a paradise enough.

The idea of saving my soul does not interest me. The idea of saving other souls does not seem at all important. But I have the heart of an adventurer and a real eagerness to find those who would go with me and strengthen me in quest of the ideal of Jesus. I have not found such in the church.



An intimate friend might have been excused for not recognizing him, but Effie rushed into his arms with a cry

On Broadway

By William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"NEVER again," said Effie Parker decisively.

"Never again what?" Alice MacElliot asked.

"I'm just making myself a promise," said Effie—"a promise never to play out of town again. No more road or stock. Never off Broadway. Believe me!"

The two girls were sitting at a small table alongside the window on the second floor of a hurry-up restaurant on Times Square. It was mid-August, midday, dead clear, dead calm and hot.

Alice looked out at the heat-scourged hurrying mass of automobiles and people, and Broadway; then, wearily, at the people in the restaurant; a group of chorus girls with their pumps kicked off and their rehearsal-tired toes luxuriously asquirm in silk stockings, a few musical comedy principals and legitimate people, an assistant stage director, a theatrical agent, a publicity man, and a stage electrician. She shook her head and sighed.

"I don't know what put that in your head, dearie," she said plaintively. "It's ninety Lord-knows-how-much in the shade, and getting hotter. The hotter it gets the harder old Belmore is to work for. Hunh! If he's a stage director, I'm the Queen of Siam. If he bawls everybody out loud and long, he thinks he's done something artistic. Three more weeks rehearsing here with 'The Red Dawn' and then three weeks on the road with rehearsals called for ten every morning, in addition to playing the show and making the jumps. Then an opening night here in town, and the betting a thousand to one that it'll be right in the middle of the late September hot spell! And this is the time you pick out to rave about Broadway! It's a good street at times, but the way I feel about it now I could get along away from it for quite a while."

"I always have gotten along away from it," said Effie wistfully.

Alice MacElliot stared. "You don't mean you've never played in town?" she asked incredulously.

"Never," said Effie. "Not even for a week. I've never played on Broadway yet."

"Why, dearie," said Alice, "I've been meeting you around the agencies here in town every year for—why, I don't know how long."

"Six years," said Effie. "I met you over in Hoffman's the first summer I came to New York looking for a part. I was nineteen then—I'm twenty-five now."

"Twenty-five!" said Alice. "My dear, you don't look it."

"Thanks," said Effie dryly. "Ordinarily I don't admit it either."

"You could pass for nineteen now," said Alice. "Haven't you tried before for a part in a Broadway production?"

"Tried!" Effie exclaimed expressively. "I've done nothing but try!"

"I didn't know," said Alice. "Some don't want to play in town until they've had a definite amount of experience, and I thought that might be the case with you."

EFFIE shook her head. "I was ready when I first came here," she said. "I'd only been on the stage a year then, but I'd had more experience in that one year than most of them get in five. You see, my mother was a trouper. She kept me in school until I was eighteen and then she took me with her in stock one season out West. Believe me, she worked with me that year! Taught me all she'd learned in twenty years of trouping. 'Whatever you do, do it on Broadway,' she said.

"You see, she never made Broadway. She tried, but she didn't make it. You know the usual things that happen. She met my dad. They were playing in stock together out West. They got married and came on to New York to knock the town loose from its foundations. Mom had her chance that year and didn't take it. Then I came along."

"Children do interrupt," Alice said thoughtfully.

"I was more than an interruption," Effie said. "I amounted to a full stop. My dad died when I was about three. I went to her in June after my last year in boarding school and she died the following May. She had planned coming to New York with me that summer. It just seemed as though everything went wrong for her whenever she tried for the big time."

"It's funny how long luck can run one way."

Effie thrust out her small firm chin pugnaciously. "It's started to run that way for me too, but I won't have it," she said obstinately. "I simply will not have it! I won't let anything stand in my road. If I fail, it will be just because I'm not good enough to succeed."

"That's the stuff," said Alice.

"I've been turned back every season now for six years. Always something happens. If I have parts offered me in two shows, the one I go with closes before it gets to town and the one I refuse runs on Broadway for a year. That actually happened three years ago. Year before last I went with four different productions that were scheduled for Broadway openings and not a single one of them came into town. By that time my money was gone and I had to sign for a stock season down South."

"That's the way it goes," said Alice with a sigh.

"Doesn't go that way with me any longer!" said Effie with a determined toss of her head. "No, siree! I'm here to stay this time until I get my Broadway chance if I have to wait till I'm eighty and peddle chewing gum and shoe strings meantime to keep alive."

"That's it! You have to make up your mind to stick and then stick in spite of everything."

"I've made up my mind," said Effie grimly. "Indeed, I have! If I'd been going to weaken at all, I'd have given in last summer."

"Man?"

"Don't be so pleased with yourself for guessing right," said Effie crossly. "You couldn't possibly go wrong. Man, of course."

"And you gave him up to take your shot at Broadway?"

"Not exactly. I told him the way I felt about it and he— Well, I guess he gave me up."

"Just how did you feel about it?"

"That I had to have my Broadway chance before I risked marriage," said Effie definitely.

"Risked is the word. He wanted you to quit the stage, did he?"

EFFIE shook her head. "No, that's why it was so hard to make him see the way I felt about it. You see, he's a commercial artist."

"Come again," said Alice.

"He draws pictures for advertisements in magazines: that sort of thing."

"I get you. Girl with the grin so wide she looks like a hippopotamus yawning, teeth like two rows of brand-new, shiny china cups on a couple of shelves, caption: Brush your teeth with Hooptedah and laugh like this. That kind of stuff, hunh?"

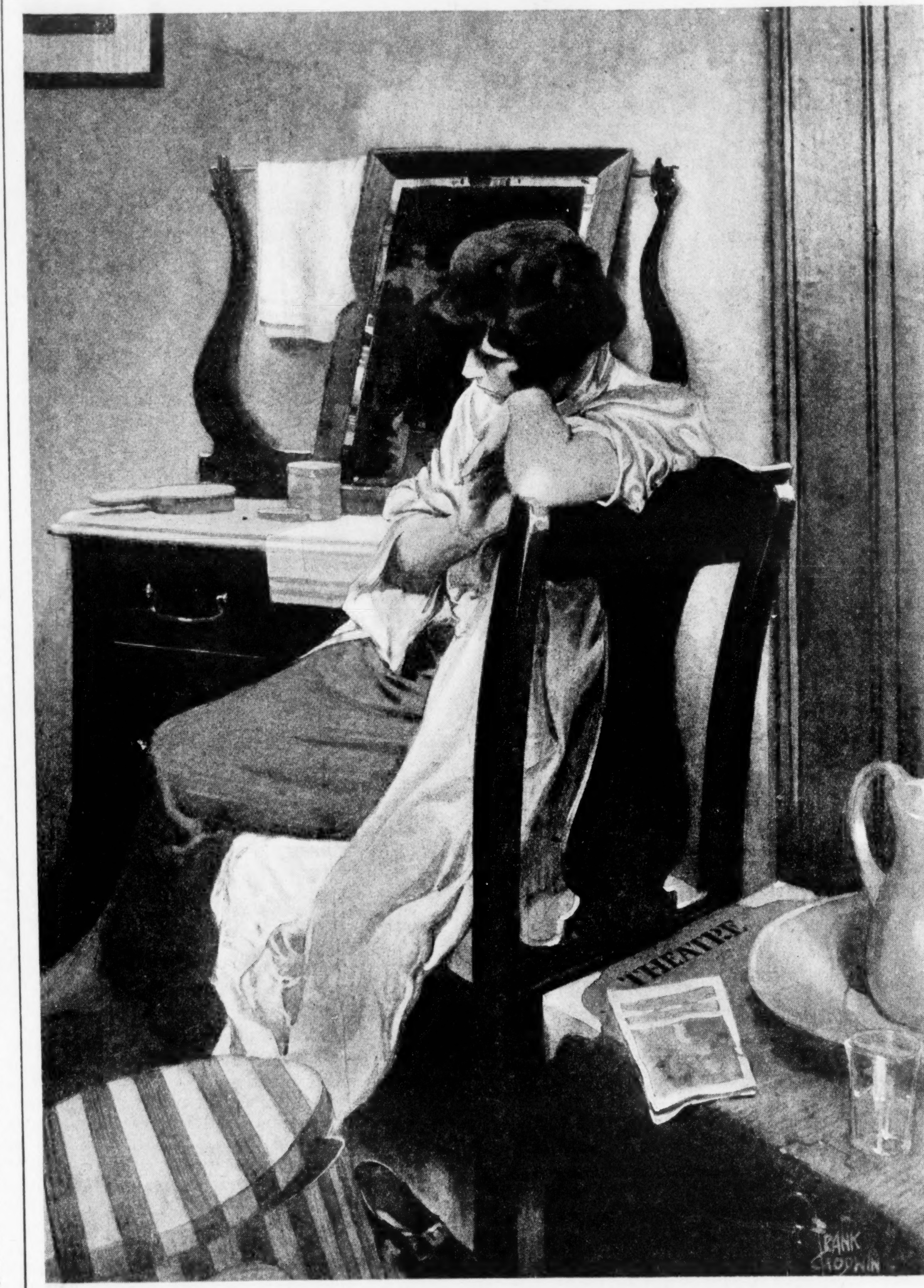
Effie nodded. "I met him at a summer resort in Michigan where I was playing in stock. He'd quit the people he'd been working for in Chicago and was doing some free-lance stuff. He'd gotten some magazine and book illustrations to do and he was getting ready to come on to New York and catch on here."

"And he couldn't see why you and he shouldn't get married and make the big town together?" said Alice.

"Indeed he could not," said Effie sadly. "And what a roasting he did give me before he left! Told me I was Broadway crazy! Success mad. A heartless climber! Oh, plenty. He said Broadway was my religion."

"Men!" said Alice contemptuously. "If you don't think of them first, last, and all the time to the exclusion of everything else, you're a hard-hearted, shallow-minded, selfish little beast. I know."

"I didn't blame him for the way he felt," Effie said quickly. "If I could just have made him understand that Broadway really is a religion to me! On account of my momsie you know, and what happened to her. And the way she drilled it into me about the importance of getting a Broadway chance. That lesson was worth a lot."



She slumped into the chair beside her washstand like one lost to hope

"You'll get your Broadway chance with 'The Red Dawn' all right," said Alice.

"I guess so," Effie replied spiritlessly.

"Cinch," said Alice. "This show is sure fire. And I don't mind telling you that everyone is talking about the way you're playing Clarissa."

"Yes?"

"We come back to town on the eighteenth of September," Alice went on. "I'd like to make a little bet that on the nineteenth of that month Broadway will know who Effie Parker is."

"I hope so," said Effie without enthusiasm.

Alice looked at her sharply. "Pretty fond of that artist fellow, hunh?"

Effie said nothing, but a slow tear oozed painfully out of each eye. She wiped them from her cheeks with her handkerchief and after busily powdering her face snapped her vanity case shut and pushed back her chair. "Let's go," she said rising.

"Poor kid," said Alice. "It's tough."

"The Red Dawn" opened in Atlantic City about the latter part of August and closed in Wilkes-Barre two weeks later. Like many another production about which actors and management are enthusiastic the piece was a complete flop. The one bright bit was Effie Parker's portrayal of Clarissa. Everyone agreed that she would have set New York talking if the show had just lasted through to a Broadway opening.

"Better luck next time, dearie," Alice MacElliot consoled her. "That is, if you insist on there being a next time. Personally I'm cured of the drama—healed beyond any possibility of a relapse. I'm going to leave the art of the theatre right flat on its back and go to Hollywood. Movie work may have its drawbacks, but it's better than forever hopping from show to show trying to light on one that isn't bound for the morgue. Better come along, hon."

Effie shook her head. "I'll scrub floors if I have to," she declared. "but I will not leave New York until I get my Broadway chance."

"Good luck to you," said Alice MacElliott heartily. "You'll need it."

IT WAS a warm muggy day in September when Effie Parker arrived back in New York, following the untimely demise of "The Red Dawn." A December blizzard was blowing over town when an agent offered her a job with a stock company in a Southern city.

"Better take it," he urged. "The money's only fair, but it's sure, and you know this is a bad year and getting worse."

"I've told you I'd only take something in town," said Effie.

"I know you have," said the agent. "You've told me that every time I've offered you a job on the road or in stock the last three months."

"I won't leave town," said Effie.

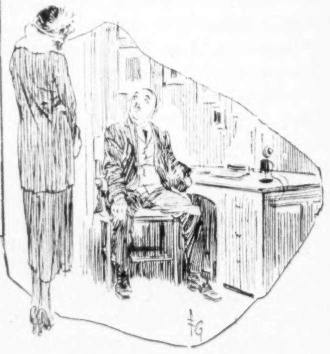
"All right," said the agent. "You've been around quite a while, and I thought maybe the bank roll might be getting thin. If you've got the money to stick it out, why of course it's better to stay here and wait till something better turns up."

"Money!" Effie exclaimed. "Money!" She laughed a little hysterically and turned her purse open and bottom side up above her palm. A fifty-cent piece rolled out.

"That's it," she said. "That's my money. All of it. And everything that I can raise a penny on is in hock."

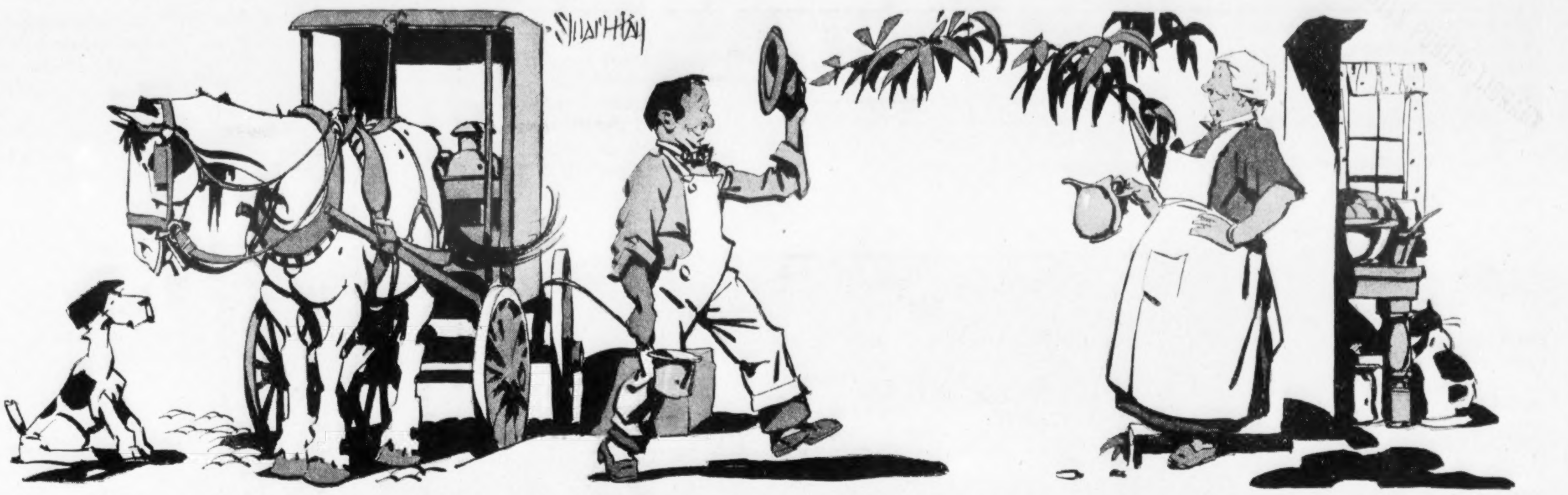
"I'll make you an advance if you'll take this stock job," said the agent.

"No," said Effie. "I said I'd stay in town if I had to scrub floors, and I will. You don't happen to know the location of the agency where they hire people to clean floors, do you? The time's come when I've got to find it."



"I do," said the agent harshly. "If you're going to be foolish and turn down a perfectly good offer to go out of town for awhile, why go ahead and get a job scrubbing floors and see how you like it. You'll find plenty of employment agencies over on Sixth Avenue between Forty-first and Thirty-sixth."

"Thanks," (*Continued on page 26*)



Before the era of strikes and milk wars, middlemen and microscopes, the dairyman dipped directly to the housewife

The Milk Leaguers Hit 'Em Out

By G. L. Teeple

As they learn to coöperate, farmers are gradually getting more and more of their share. This story is of America's biggest farm combination, the Dairymen's League Association. It started with $800; assets now are $18,000,000. It milks 750,000 cows. It ships all over. It's the great creative force in our agriculture to-day. It's more important than wheat!

IN THE good old days of the Arcadian era the dairyman dipped directly to the housewives, door to door. Middlemen and milk strikes were unheard of; the farmer was the whole thing. But the big cities grew. City doctors discovered bacteria. City health boards demanded milk pasteurization and ice cooling. City milk companies arose, flourished and grew bigger.

They invaded the countryside, bought up butter and cheese factories, and with expensive machinery converted them into fluid-milk shipping stations and manufactories of condensed milk. Swift trains hauled their milk into the city from all directions, sometimes hundreds of miles. Snowballing into ever larger units (with little fellows filling the chinks), they crowded the old-fashioned farmer-milkman completely off the city street. He was left to meditate the situation on his milking stool during his peaceful evening of communion with the cows.

They even relieved him of his job of bargaining for his milk. Instead they bargained for him, among themselves, by "gentlemen's agreement." All he had to do was to take part in a new little ceremonial and festivity they had prepared for him, his rôle being to walk up to their country office every six months and affix his name to another contract for his milk. He signed on the dotted line, while the plant manager filled in the price and gave him a pleasant smile.

Then the World War came on, driving up the price of everything the farmer bought, while his milk return stayed on the dotted-line basis. His little boat was caught in a tremendous vortex, the vast tide of the industrial revolution on the one hand and the world sweep of war on the other. He had to climb into a bigger ship, equipped with modern coöperative machinery. He had to start a revolution of his own; a revolution which has still only half revoluted.

How far has it carried him, which way is he now headed, and what does it all mean for the rest of us?

In general view, the organized dairy farmer, as seen in the New York Dairymen's League Coöperative Association, which we take as a sample of the movement, presents an imposing impression of energy, solidity, courage, progress, and power. He has fought his way victoriously through two strenuous milk wars, against the powerful intrenched interests of millionaire city distributors backed by the New York City government, newspapers and storms of public opinion behind them all. He won because he had "God and the milk supply both on his side."

When the Federal Government, which had helped him, dropped him at the end of the war, he girded up his loins undaunted and went on alone. When the storm of deflation struck him, two years later, he reorganized on a new basis in the midst of the hurricane, and still went on, more determined than ever, although the ultimate effect of the storm was to carry away a large section of his membership.

To-day, three years after the reorganization, the League is still plowing ahead with dogged courage and confidence, steadily widening its operations and increasing its efficiency and property values. It started the first milk war (1916) with $800 in the treasury. Its assets to-day are $18,000,000. Its last reported annual sales were $82,000,000, as against $62,000,000 the year before. Its membership is 65,000 as against 13,000 in 1916. It operates 170 milk plants, of which it owns 140, and manufactures every important variety of milk product. It ships its "Dairylea" brands throughout the United States and into sixty-six foreign countries. It milks 750,000 cows. It is the world's largest dairy organization.

It leads the American dairy industry, the most important section of American agriculture: an industry producing one-fifth the national food supply, in value three times the national wheat crop; an industry three times as important as wheat, but making one thirtieth the uproar, because *organized coöperatively* to withstand the shock of deflation, where wheat was not.

It is probably not too much to say that the New York Dairymen's League to-day is the most important regional creative force in American agriculture.

All this in seven and a half years from the dotted-line epoch, the era of milking-stool meditation. As you dwell on it, you can well understand the pride and confidence with which the great dairy coöperative is driving along the path it has marked out for itself.

It is a Tough Battle

WHAT makes the story significant is that around every large American city a similar league has been built up, from similar causes and with similar problems. New York's is simply the biggest and has gone farther than most.

The New York Dairymen's League has had to battle with three main forces: the milk distributors, the public, and—subtlest force of all—inexorable economic law, operating on the grand central peace disturber of every dairy league, the fluid-milk surplus.

The fluid-milk surplus is a peculiar form of periodic overproduction. A factory shuts down. The cows, en masse, never do. Milk production rises and falls in an annual tide; high tide in summer, ebb in winter, June's production being, roughly, twice December's

But city consumption goes up and down but little, on account of the stabilized retail price. The result when the summer milk tide rises is a tremendous oversupply. And, since milk spoils, this oversupply must be manufactured into less perishable forms, to save it from total loss. Sold at the factory door, however, milk brings a much lower price than when sold for fluid use in the city. Thus we have the two broad classes—fluid and surplus—bringing widely differing prices, and the grand quarrel among league farmers everywhere is as to who shall bear the loss of selling his milk in the lower-priced surplus market.

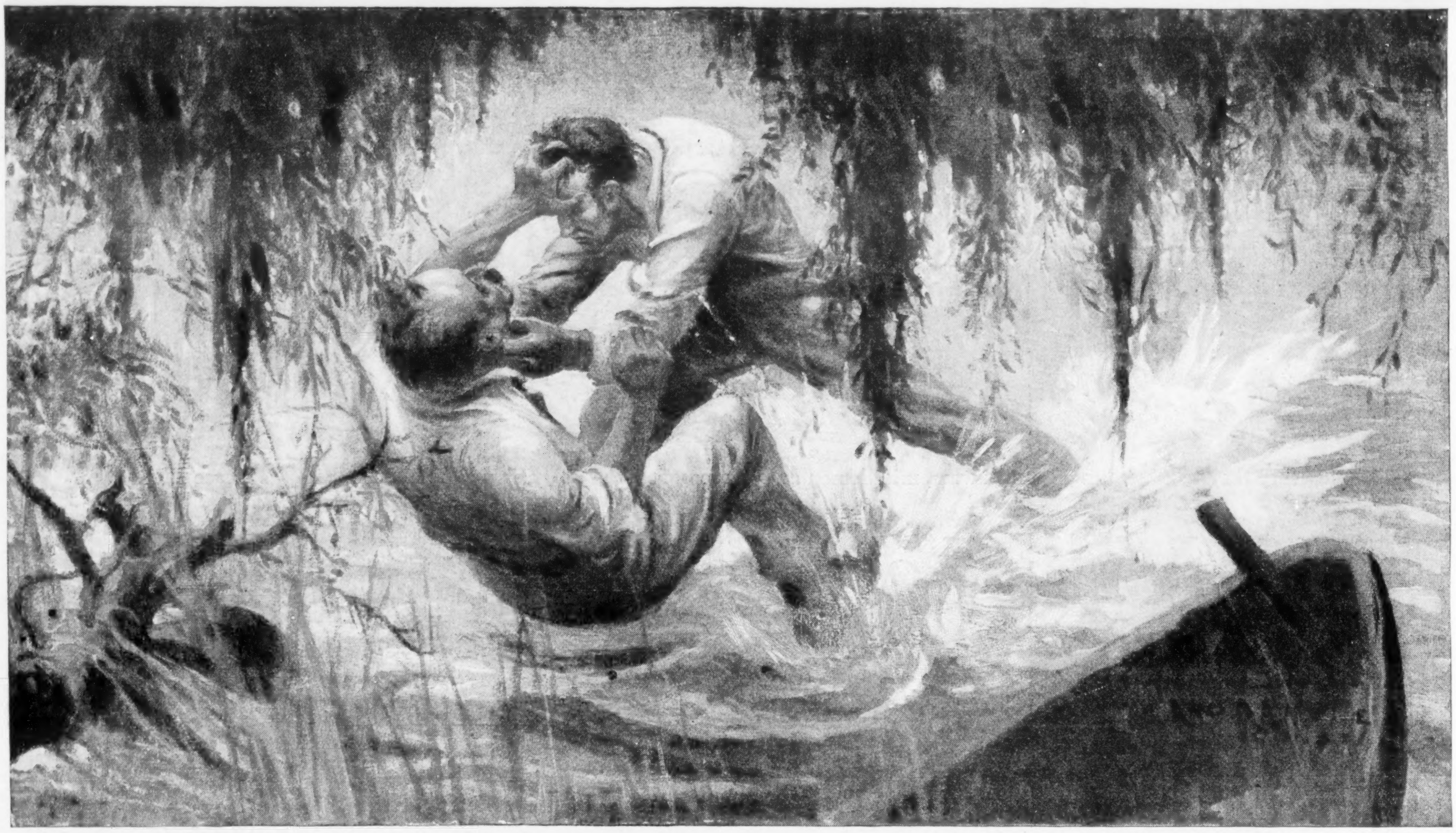
The New York League said: "Prorate the loss to everybody; since all help produce the surplus, let all help bear its burden." It took a democratic motto—"the same pay for the same milk to every milk producer." This meant for richer milk a higher price, for poorer milk a lower price, and, of course, the more distant producer must pay a higher freight charge (but not the full freight tariff difference). Also, milk for city use must get an allowance for its higher cost of production, due to Health Board rules. With these exceptions, everybody's milk was to receive a uniform scale of pay, whether marketed as fluid or surplus, and whatever form the surplus might take—butter, cheese, condensed milk, or what not.

This is the league's famous pooling plan, which has been praised to the skies and damned to the depths. It wipes out all favors; gives everybody equal access to all markets. It puts in one jackpot the total net return from sales for the entire membership (which are all put by contract in the directors' hands) and distributes the proceeds pro rata all round.

To farmers near New York, who had had a vested interest in New York's fluid milk market for years, this was strong meat. They had a natural corner on the cream of the business. They were now asked to share it with back-country farmers whose only convenient market was perhaps a cheese factory in the hills.

It was inevitable that such farmers became "non-poolers," especially as they had the backing of big retailers in the city, at the head of them Loton Horton of the Sheffield Farms Company, the most powerful, aggressive, and picturesque figure in the New York milk industry—a man grown gray in the business, but with all the fire of the old competitive battle still in his keen eye.

The non-pool farmers, in fact, went into perfectly natural alliance with non-pool city distributors, like Sheffield Farms, while the pool farmers (the Dairy Leaguers) as naturally allied themselves with the other large body of retailers who accepted their pooling plan, the chief of these being the Borden Farm (*Continued on page 28*)



It was like a dream. They surged and swung; the water clogged their feet, their hands slipped on wet flesh

A Man Will Fight for His Own

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Illustrated by Robert E. Johnston

THE first word of trouble upriver sent the Catechism out of Armstrong's hand, the plans of the new Barouda Sunday schools out of his head, and himself into the rain at the double, leaving seven-and-twenty little Baroudis in pink pinafores reciting the Commandments into vacancy, and drove him six hours later rocking into Fordstown on an all-but-foundered pony.

He went up the rickety steps of the official residence four at a time, calling for Willis. But it was a lank young man with a fretful face of fever who met him at the door.

"Mr. Cathcart?" began Armstrong doubtfully. "Is Willis—?"

"Gone with Captain Enderby's force," said the young man wearily. "I'm in charge. Can I do anything for you, Mr. —er—Armstrong?" He looked at Armstrong's face—insignificant, stamped with his calling; at the wisp of white collar above the dingy linen, and at the wet boots puddling his veranda—as a man looks on the unwelcome.

"I want to get through to Falasa."

"Impossible, I am afraid, my dear sir," said the civil power, with finality.

Armstrong's lips moved a minute before he spoke. "Jean, my wife, is there."

To do the civil power justice, he was genuinely shocked and tried not to show it. "I think there's no doubt she'd have got off. But, upon my word, I am sorry to hear it. She was with—the Mackenzies, eh? Yes, yes. . . . The boats are all washed away, and the swamp impassable. I'll send a runner after Willis, if I can get one—"

"Then you can't help me?" put in Armstrong thoughtfully.

"As you see," said Cathcart fretfully, after a silence. "It is impossible to get through."

Armstrong went out into the rain.

He found a half-drowned people dwelling in darkness and the smells of fever. He knew them, calling them by their names. But they watched him with liquid eyes from the shadows of the sodden huts, and did not stir. Their sweet husky voices answered him as from some borderland beyond life. The boats were gone, the crops were gone. They would die. They would not go to Falasa.

He argued, thundered, entreated—as well entreat the already dead. Their immovable meekness answered him. He struggled and met nothing. They slipped through his hold like the rain. The corn was gone, the yams were gone, the boats were gone. They would die. But they would not go to Falasa.

ARMSTRONG left the huts staggering as a man staggers from a fight. Outside the trees were heavy above him and yellow water crawled round their roots. Trees sprouted from the overflow like bushes. The current curdled across the wreckage of the fields and the bank where the fishing dugouts used to lie in rows. Now there was not a boat in sight. . . .

Yes, there was one. A man stood at the edge of the flood water very busy over it.

The leaden resignation of the place drugged Armstrong. He watched this man as he jerked and bent and stopped, thin against the rain like a mechanical toy. It was all unreal. Everything looked like an imitation; the very leaves did not behave like real leaves. They hung stiff as green tin, sluicing water. The rain fell on the dugout; it splashed on the shoulders of the man who worked there; it streamed down his sodden hands.

Reality flashed back upon him like a pain. That was the one boat left in Falasa. The man straightened. It was M'saba Cameron.

M'saba Cameron—rum runner, slave trader, general renegade—looked up with a momentary snarl. He would have sworn at Armstrong, but could not spare the time. A fringe of venomous rusty nails stuck out of his mouth under his ragged mustache. Streaks of red rust ran down his chin; his eyes were rimmed with red, heavy-lidded as a lizard's. Even when he glanced at the missionary, his hands never for an instant ceased their work about the dugout.

"Is that your boat?" asked Armstrong heavily.

Cameron spat a nail into his palm, and drove it in. "Yes, it is. It's the only one left, and it's as rotten as tinder. What's that to you?"

"I want to get through to Falasa."

"What's that to me?"

Armstrong said dully, after a minute: "My wife's there."

"Well?"

"Would you hire me that boat?"

Cameron snarled again, and sputtered through the nails: "Hire? You're talking different this time. Shouldn't wonder if you said 'please' in a minute. Last time it was all about sin—red-hot. D'you remember? You damned me out o' the Bible, and went— All about a half-caste girl! Well, she's at Falasa, and I'm goin' to get her."

"Take me with you," said Armstrong, in the same heavy voice.

The other swore at him indistinctly, busily fitting another patch. He did not even look up again.

The sense of unreality returned to Armstrong, wrapped him like a fog. His personality seemed doubled. One of him stood patiently in the mud, probably praying. The other stepped across the dugout and reached for M'saba Cameron. He heard the words: "By—, the gospel runner means to fight!" Then the two personalities fused with a shock into one, and that one thigh-deep in water was hammering Cameron's face.

He had an idea that Cameron was also hammering him, but did not feel it. It was like a dream. They surged and swung with futile extravagance of action; the water clogged their feet; their hands slipped on wet flesh. The rain drove solid in their upturned faces till they breathed water. Panting, they let their hands fall. It was Cameron who cried wildly: "Catch the boat!"

THE dugout bobbed past them. They waded out deeper and caught her, then stood, each with an elbow over the gunwale, gasping. Cameron spat two remaining nails into his free hand. His voice ran suddenly high and husky, like a native's.

"If you'd made me swallow a nail, I'd have got stomach trouble and died. Yesterday it was pip. Now nails. And there ain't time—"

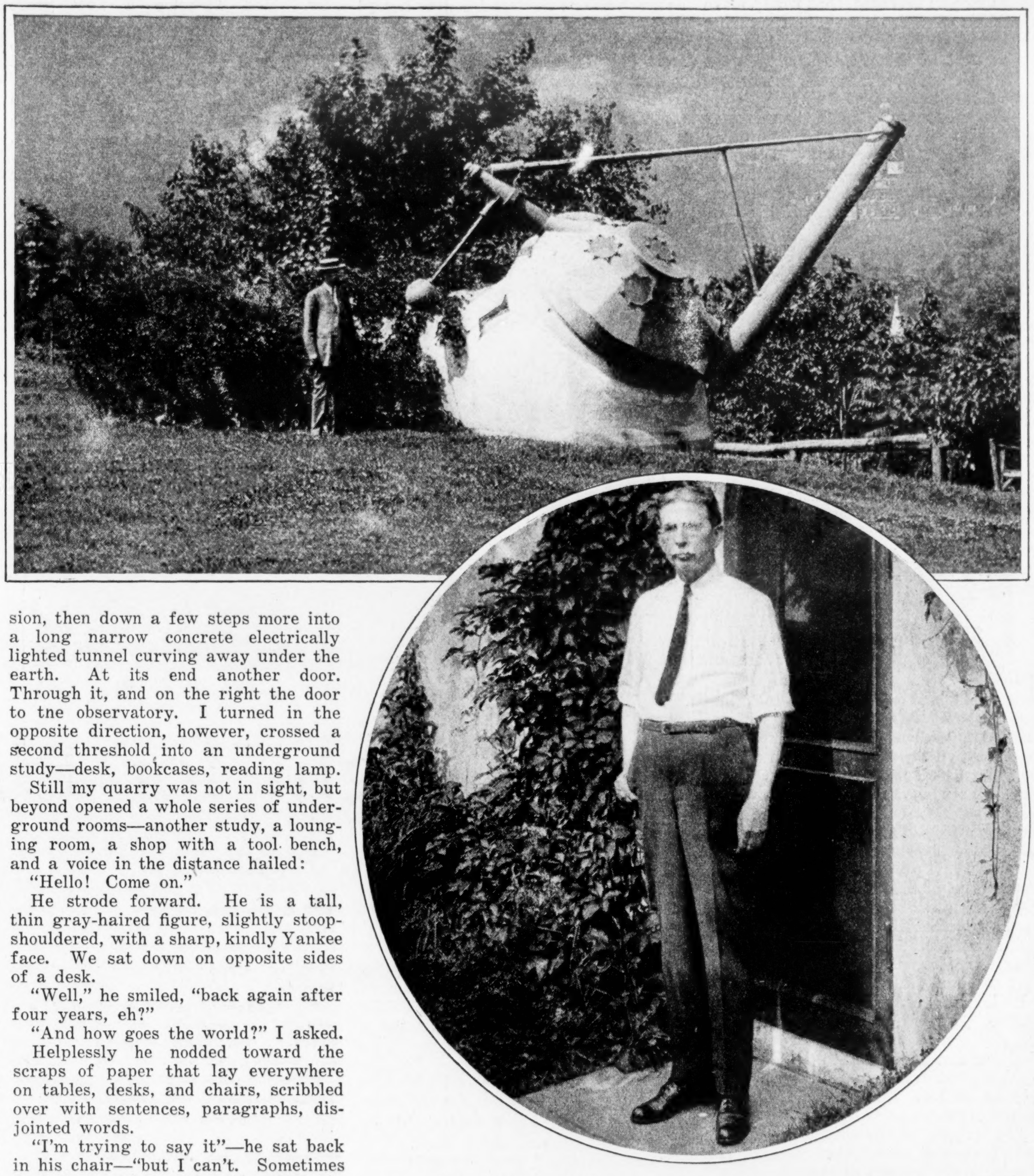
"Get into the boat," said Armstrong.

They staggered into shallower water, dragging the dugout, and swung themselves heavily aboard. Fear burned in Armstrong like a fire, yet he could not translate that fire into any action; he moved under a weight that crushed and quenched, the weight of the rain. He moved as if he would move mountains, and lifted a rotten paddle. His bones were water as (*Continued on page 31*)

You Can Dream and Still Be a Yankee

By Webb Waldron

THE apparition at right is not Teapot Dome. It is the place where James Hartness, a man you'll like to read about, studies the stars. And that's not the only thing he does. This ex-Governor of Vermont is trying to join industry and politics in teamwork as perfect as that in his own shop. He endeavors to answer questions that most of us give up.



You have to go down to this observatory which the inventor and astronomer (above) has made warm and cozy. There in quiet he puzzles over lunar and sublunar things

HERE'S a man who has risen from machinist's helper to president of a large company, who has been governor of his State, and who has had the highest honor in the American engineering world, and yet is unsatisfied. Not unsatisfied with his own material gain, or his position in life, but with much in our system of things.

Most men who have won success look on the world with benevolent approval. You know the type—the worthy, masterful fellow who sits back in his swivel chair, his finger tips together, and tells you complacently that nothing ails America save a few foreign agitators, and that any boy can do what he has done by repeating indomitably "I can!" seventy-seven times each morning before breakfast. James Hartness of Vermont is different. In his sharp brown eyes there is always a question, a puzzled question about industry, capital, labor, politics—yes, about life itself . . . and an eager reaching toward a solution of human relationship.

To find this fascinating figure, I got off the northbound train at a point in the upper Connecticut Valley, boarded a trolley car that carried me from the New Hampshire to the Vermont side, then four miles into the narrow winding cañon of the Black River and deposited me in the heart of the little industrial town of Springfield. Springfield, with its public square walled around by steep hills, with the mountain river rushing through it, reminds one of a Swiss mountain town. At one side of the square are the falls, tumbling over black rocks, that give power to many of Springfield's industries. And in every direction streets climb upward like a steep staircase.

Puffingly, I mounted one of these streets, up, up, up, to a large pleasant house on the brow of a hill, looking west toward the Green Mountain range. From its lawn, about two hundred and fifty feet from the house, protruded a queer structure, resembling the turret of a battleship, with an upward angling tube like a ten-inch gun.

He Goes Underground to Study

"MR. HARTNESS is down in the observatory," said the girl as she ushered me into the hall. "He said you should come right down."

"*Down* in the observatory! To reach an observatory, doesn't one go *up?*" Not here. I knew the way. Through the kitchen, down a flight of steps to the cellar, through the furnace room, then two heavy doors in quick succession, then down a few steps more into a long narrow concrete electrically lighted tunnel curving away under the earth. At its end another door. Through it, and on the right the door to the observatory. I turned in the opposite direction, however, crossed a second threshold into an underground study—desk, bookcases, reading lamp.

Still my quarry was not in sight, but beyond opened a whole series of underground rooms—another study, a lounging room, a shop with a tool bench, and a voice in the distance hailed:

"Hello! Come on."

He strode forward. He is a tall, thin gray-haired figure, slightly stoop-shouldered, with a sharp, kindly Yankee face. We sat down on opposite sides of a desk.

"Well," he smiled, "back again after four years, eh?"

"And how goes the world?" I asked.

Helplessly he nodded toward the scraps of paper that lay everywhere on tables, desks, and chairs, scribbled over with sentences, paragraphs, disjointed words.

"I'm trying to say it"—he sat back in his chair—"but I can't. Sometimes I sit here and try, sometimes I go in there to that table, sometimes I stand up at that desk, but it's no good. I can't say it."

He laughed, bit his lip, then a baffled look came into his eyes. I asked:

"What is it you are trying to say?"

But before I give his answer, I want to tell the story of this man Hartness. The story illuminates not only the man, but an awful phase of our life too little known. One morning forty years ago a young fellow stuck his head in the door of a bolt shop in Winsted, Conn.

"I'm the foreman you hired by letter from Cleveland," he announced. A burst of curses shot at him. "Hell, we hired a man, not a boy! Get out!"

Jimmy Hartness walked back to the hotel. But in the afternoon he returned. "I'll be glad to put these machines you bought from Cleveland into working shape," he said mildly. "Then I'll quit. I won't hold you to your contract."

"All right, go ahead." But the young Clevelander, who was twenty-one and says he looked about fifteen, proved such a clever mechanic that the proprietors asked him to stay. The waste of human effort in that shop pained Jimmy Hartness's inventive brain. For instance, the making of whiffletree bolts. Workmen hammered out the broad flat heads sweatingly by main strength. Young Hartness devised a die that did it in a fraction of the time. There were other things.

"Get Rid of That Fellow"

THEN Hartness said to the owners one day: "Look here, I can make a machine that will simplify this whole bolt-making business. Save you a lot of money."

"How much will it cost?"

"Oh, not over eight or nine hundred dollars."

The two proprietors went to the banker in town who had lent them considerable cash. Said the banker: "Let me advise you something. Get rid of that fellow at once! He'll wreck any concern he's connected with."

"All right," said Hartness, "I'll get out right away." He planned to leave at the end of the year, anyhow, unless he got a little more money. He went down to Torrington, landed a job with a big hardware company. Here again his inventive brain was at work. He devised several useful things for which the concern generously paid one dollar each. Then he worked out a new kind of lock.

Hartness said to himself: "I wonder whether they think every product of my brain belongs to them, outside shop hours as well as inside?" He went to the manager.

"I think I ought to have a little more for this. I did all the work on it outside the shop."

"Well," said the manager, "go and figure up a bill at your regular rate."

Hartness figured out his time at 35

cents an hour. It came to $53. The company paid it. Shortly after that there was a financial upset. Hartness and some others lost their jobs. One of Hartness's friends said to him: "Say, that lock you invented, that would make the basis of a nice little manufacturing business. Why don't you try and buy it back from them?" Hartness went to the manager. "How much will you take for that lock invention?"

"Ten thousand dollars!" the manager said promptly. Hartness walked away in deep thought. Up here in the Vermont hills was a small machine tool plant. Hartness had sold this concern several lathe attachments of his own design. The job of superintendent was open. Hartness came up.

"We'll take you on a year's contract," said the concern.

"No, I want a three-year contract," he said. "You won't like what I'm doing at the end of the first year, probably not at the end of the second. But I believe you will at the end of the third."

He got the job. He soon showed what he meant. This shop, like many present-day restaurants, had too much on its bill of fare.

"Get rid of a lot of these things," urged Hartness, "Concentrate on the machines we can make best, and build up a group of workmen who're specialists." He had a fight to accomplish that.

$10,000 Worth of Lock

THEN he went at the problem of better machine tools. Machine tools, as you probably know, are the machines that build the machines on which our modern civilization rests. The pump that furnished your morning bath, the loom that wove the clothes you wear, the reaper that cut the wheat, the mill that ground it for your breakfast cakes, the typesetting machines and presses that produced your morning paper, the turbines and generators that made the juice that brought you to work and that lights your workroom and home—all these and a thousand other machines that play their essential part in our daily lives are possible only because of machine tool lathes, millers, planers, gear shapers, grinders, drill presses, boring mills, and behind machine tools stand a little group of shrewd Yankee inventors who developed in New England in the nineteenth century.

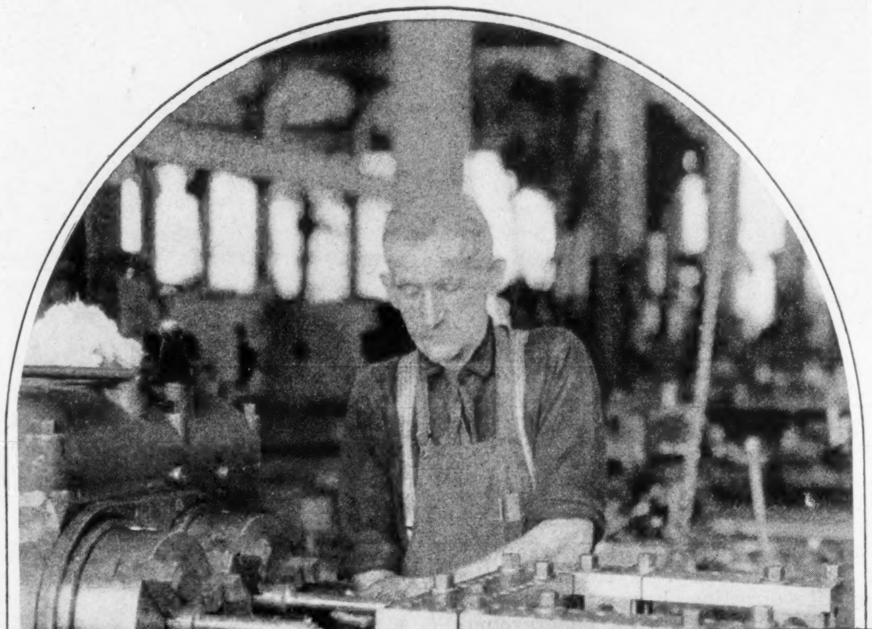
The cradle of American machine-tool invention was the village of Windsor, Vt., a short distance north of Springfield. Windsor and half a dozen other towns in a twenty-five-mile radius produce most of the men, the ideas, and the machines out of which the whole fabric of our industrial life has grown. Of the group of pioneer machine-tool inventors Hartness is perhaps the last.

The basic machine tool is the lathe, and his problem, as he describes it, was to create a lathe "that would handle bigger and heavier machine parts faster and more accurately." He worked out several improvements of existing lathes, then produced a radically new tool—the flat turret lathe.

"This," he said to the company, "is a fundamental thing. I think I ought to have ten thousand dollars for it." (He remembered the Torrington lesson well.) Ten thousand dollars! The concern was flabbergasted. "All right," answered Hartness, "then I'll sell the right to build it on a 10 per cent royalty."

"All right."

The machine went on the market. Hartness was superintendent, production manager, salesman. The machine was a success. The concern grew. The royalties of the boy who had started in a Cleveland machine shop at 5 cents an hour, who would "wreck any concern he is connected with," mounted to as much as one thousand dollars a day! He became manager, then president. Now comes a unique part of the story. Most industrial heads make it a point to hold on to brainy men when they get them. Carnegie, for instance. Carnegie had no particular technical training himself, but he knew how to get exceptional technical men and hold them, using their brains to build his company and drive it forward. Now Hartness always had under him an unusually shrewd draftsman whose job it was to visualize the inventor's ideas. Many of these men, under Hartness's stimulus, developed inventive ability of their own. Did Hartness try to keep them in the company? No.



"We have quite a few men that have been here over 30 years and sixty men who have been with us over 20"

"As soon as I saw a man was ready," he said, "I set him up in his own company."

A Lathe That Beats 'Em All

THERE was E. R. Fellows, son of a Torrington schoolmaster, who came to Hartness with no knowledge of machinery save that gained from a series of draftsman's lessons in "American Machinist." Under Hartness he grew rapidly. The day came when he had a machine of his own—a gear shaper—in his brain. Hartness organized a company, assigned Fellows one-third of the stock as payment for his invention, and started him off. The same thing happened with two succeeding draftsmen, William L. Bryant and Frederick Lovejoy. Each developed a machine of his own; each was set forth in a company of his own.

Did these things absorb all this man's nervous energy? By no means. When I went up to see him four years ago he was debating the idea of the governorship. People were urging him to go into the primaries. A big business executive was just the executive Vermont needed. Finally he was persuaded to run, and plunged into one of the most vigorous campaigns Vermont ever saw. Had I come a few years earlier I would have found him skimming through the ether. For in 1916, at the age of fifty-five, he secured an aviator's license! He is one of the oldest men who ever learned to fly. "I've got a total of only sixty-five flights," he says apologetically. Had I come a few years earlier still, I would have found him busy building this remarkable turret telescope that has made such a stir among astronomers—an invention that upsets all traditional ideas by giving the observer a warm room to sit in instead of an icy dome, an invention that made him a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. And a few months ago, at the age of sixty-two, he was chosen president of the American Engineering Council—the greatest honor in the gift of our technical world. That, then, is this man's story. And so we come back to the man himself, seated at a desk in this underground chamber of a Vermont mountainside, a puzzled light in his sharp eyes. "What is it you are trying to say?" I repeated. "In a shop," he began— "I mean a successful shop—there's a real relation between the different groups of workmen. They are all specialists, they all contribute their part to the whole. There's a certain instinctive teamwork among all the groups, and between the groups and the leader. The buildings, power, raw materials machines, skilled workmen—all those don't mean much without the leader to coördinate and carry ahead. Yet the leader is nothing in himself. The shop produces the leader as much as the leader creates the shop.

"Among the different shops in an industry there is also a sort of teamwork. The whole industry is working together, using its accumulated knowledge to accomplish certain ends. There are hundreds of industries working side by side, each with its own teamwork.

"Yet," he went on, "how much of this accumulated knowledge of real things, and how much of this spirit of teamwork gets into our government? Almost none! Government is something separate, off by itself, yet it's making the regulations for industry and all other forms of human activity. I'm not complaining about the interference of government with industry. I'm wondering how some of the accumulated knowledge of real things and some of the spirit of industry can be got into government. We have the big engineering societies, now all united in one federation, ready for a great teamwork. How can we get that immense power and knowledge into the service of government? The people in general don't know what service we could give. And the politicians probably don't want our services."

In a corner I spied telescopes and the man who made them, Russell Porter, Arctic explorer, artist, architect, and inventor of a machine for grinding reflectors. He is an odd satellite of Hartness, who calls him "the Leonardo of the establishment"

Big industrial figure, thrown up against an antiquated political system, he had indeed

(Continued on page 24)

On the Verge of Being Wicked

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by William B. King

PETER ORTON was on the verge of being wicked for the first time in his life. The fact was a good deal on his mind as the express from Chicago paused at Harmon to change from steam to electricity for the final hour's run to New York. It was a good deal more on his mind than he intended it to be.

He glanced at his watch. It was half past five. He pushed back the brief he had been correcting at the table he had had set up in his compartment. The train was due at the Grand Central Terminal at half past six. After that it would take hardly fifteen minutes in a taxi to East Eighty-first Street. He would have plenty of time to dress for dinner. But he was not going home to East Eighty-first Street. His wife did not know that he had left Chicago Wednesday night and was thus arriving Thursday evening.

His last note to Ernestine had said he expected to take the Century on Thursday and arrive on Friday morning. When he had found he could leave Chicago earlier than he had counted on, he had dictated a wire to Mrs. Loring, saying briefly:

"Reach New York in time for dinner Thursday."

THE really remarkable thing, he reflected, as the train moved on, was that he had never done this sort of thing before. He had lived to be forty-six years old, through twenty years of marriage, without ever being seriously interested in any woman except his wife. Other men were not like that. It was the accepted belief among men of his class and time that love didn't, couldn't, survive marriage by more than five years. After that, if not long before, you settled down into a partnership that might contain companionship, or even the luxury of being understood. But the magic was inevitably gone. Only sentimental, weak, or stupid people expected love to last.

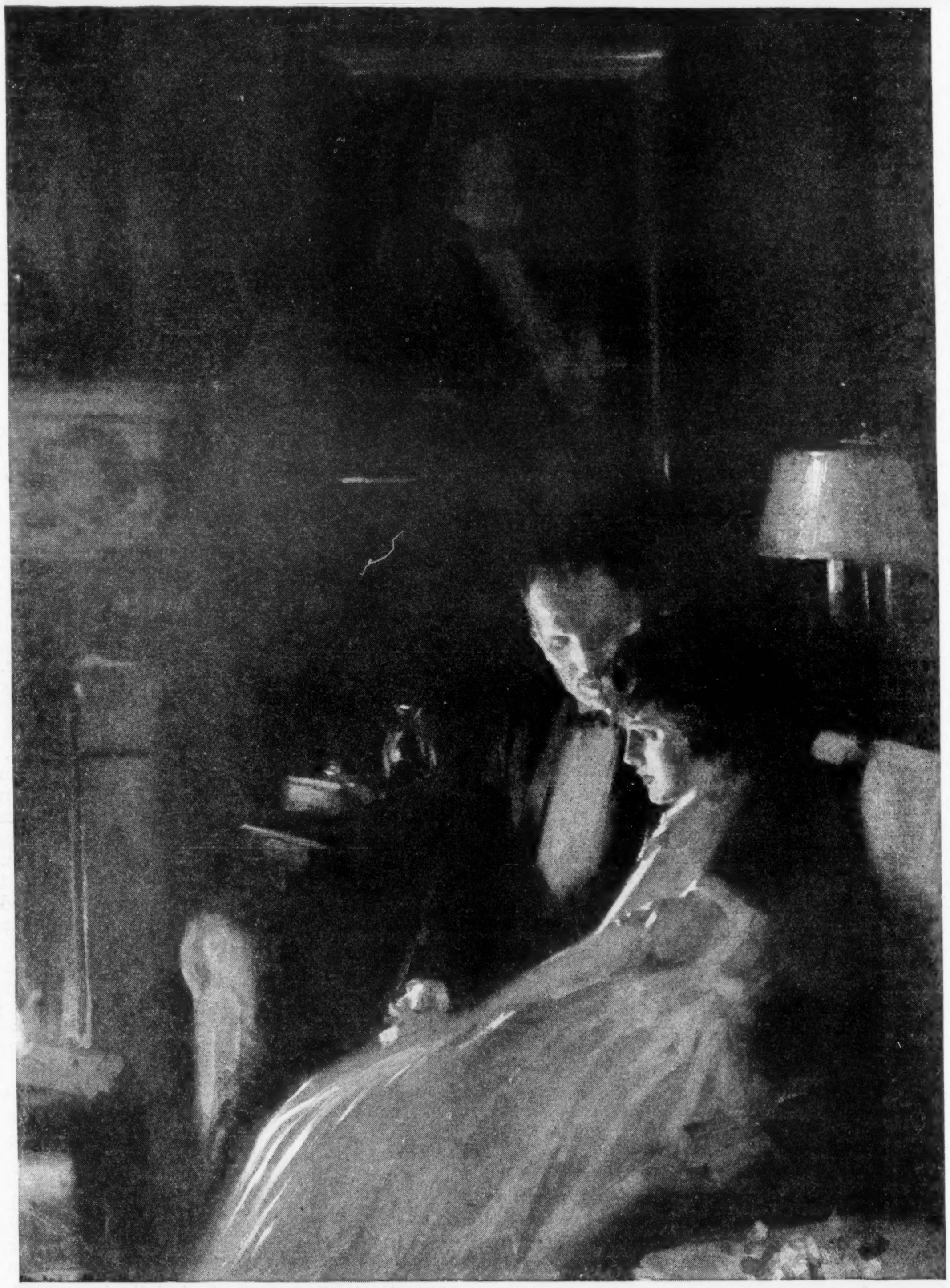
"What," one of Peter's friends had asked, "what does love matter?" Love, in the romantic sense, was something you put away with other memories of your twenties. Success was what you sought. And if, in moments of relaxation, you wanted the excitement of pursuing women, you did it on a frankly material plane, in the fashion of the Roman emperors. "It's sex—and nothing but sex," Peter's friend had finished. "Why not face the fact?"

Peter had been impressed by the man's frankness. The theory seemed to him vaguely repellent but intellectually sound. The trouble was that the man who argued it had somehow been unable to live up to it. Love had mattered to him. Within a few months he had lost his head over a Broadway girl, a girl who had proved to him in the end that she cared about nothing but his money. The scandal broke on the front pages of the newspapers. Peter had talked with the man once after that. The thing that Peter remembered about the talk was that the man's hurt had come, not through the loss of his place in the world, or even through the smash-up of his home, but through the discovery that the girl didn't love him.

You couldn't believe the things people said about love. They lied—consciously, or unconsciously, or both. They hadn't thought the thing out simply and clearly to an honest conclusion. They didn't know themselves. His own intimate knowledge of himself, of how he really felt, of what he actually believed, had come slowly and painfully.

He was too fastidious to feel any interest in what were called, euphemistically, the pretty ladies. He doubted if there was such a thing as light love. And as for the serious thing—the thing that led to divorces and new marriages—he had long since made an ironic observation. He had observed that when a man who was married fell in love with a woman who was married, and they both got divorces and married each other, the new marriage developed a shocking likeness to the relationship it had supplanted. Love seemed to have, for each individual, a fatal pattern—a pattern that, once established, could seldom be broken.

If your marriage proved unhappy it might be because you had married the wrong girl. But the presumption was against you. Falling in love with another woman usually meant an attempt to run away from some weakness in yourself. The idea that some other woman was beautifully different from your wife was, nine times out of ten, an illusion.



He had forgotten everything but this being of life and love beside him

PETER remembered the retort of an old man with whom he had practiced law in Indiana. The old man was talking to a client who wanted a divorce. The client had said some unkind things about his wife and some enthusiastic things about the girl he wished to marry. The old lawyer stood it as long as he could, then spoke his mind.

"Brother," he said, addressing his client in the quaint engaging Hoosier fashion, "don't you know that there are only two kinds of women in the whole world—the kind you're married to and the kind you aren't married to?"

Peter had no illusion that Mrs. Loring was beautifully different from his wife. He did not want her to be essentially different. He could not have liked her if she had been essentially different. The point—the only point—was that she wasn't his wife. It took courage and a certain insight to see that. Another man wouldn't have seen it. But he saw it; he knew himself well enough to see it.

He and Ernestine lived in one of those houses that characterize the upper East Side of New York, those houses that are so ugly outside and so comfortable, so charming, and so well run inside. Many of their friends lived in Park Avenue, in the kind of apartment that the rich are gradually learning to prefer to a house. But he and Ernestine had a kind of a strong, irrational preference for a house, a house all their own. It was related to their strong, irrational preference for having children, way back in the days when Peter Orton's law office in Belleville, Ind., had cost him nine dollars a month, and his total income for the year would not have required him to file an income-tax schedule—if there had been such a thing as an income tax.

Indeed, it seemed to Peter Orton that his home gave him a more profound satisfaction than his success in his profession. Ernestine had the home-making instinct. Many women had it as long as they were poor. But they lost it the moment they had plenty of money. Ernestine hadn't lost it.

She had made their house a kind of island, a peaceful island, in the midst of the current chaos. It was becoming famous among the people he was glad to know. Ernestine had no taste for splurge—for enormous at homes, noisy parties, big dinners. She created an atmosphere in which shy people expanded and exhibited their interesting side; in which the arrogant softened; in which even celebrities became human.

At the moment—the train was hurrying through Yonkers—Peter had an acute nostalgia. He wished he were going home — to Ernestine. He wrenched his mind from the thought.

Alice Loring lived in a similar brownstone house in East Seventy-sixth Street—a brownstone house with what the real estate agent calls an American basement, meaning that you walk up a longish flight of steps to the front door. Mrs. Loring was a widow, whose husband had left her a good deal of money. She moved in the same kind of circle as the Ortons, lived the same kind of life.

Peter did not believe that his life would have been very different if he had married Alice. It wasn't as if there had ever been any serious rift between himself and Ernestine. Nothing had ever happened. They had not only loved each other; they had liked each other. And they hadn't, in the ordinary sense of the words, drifted apart.

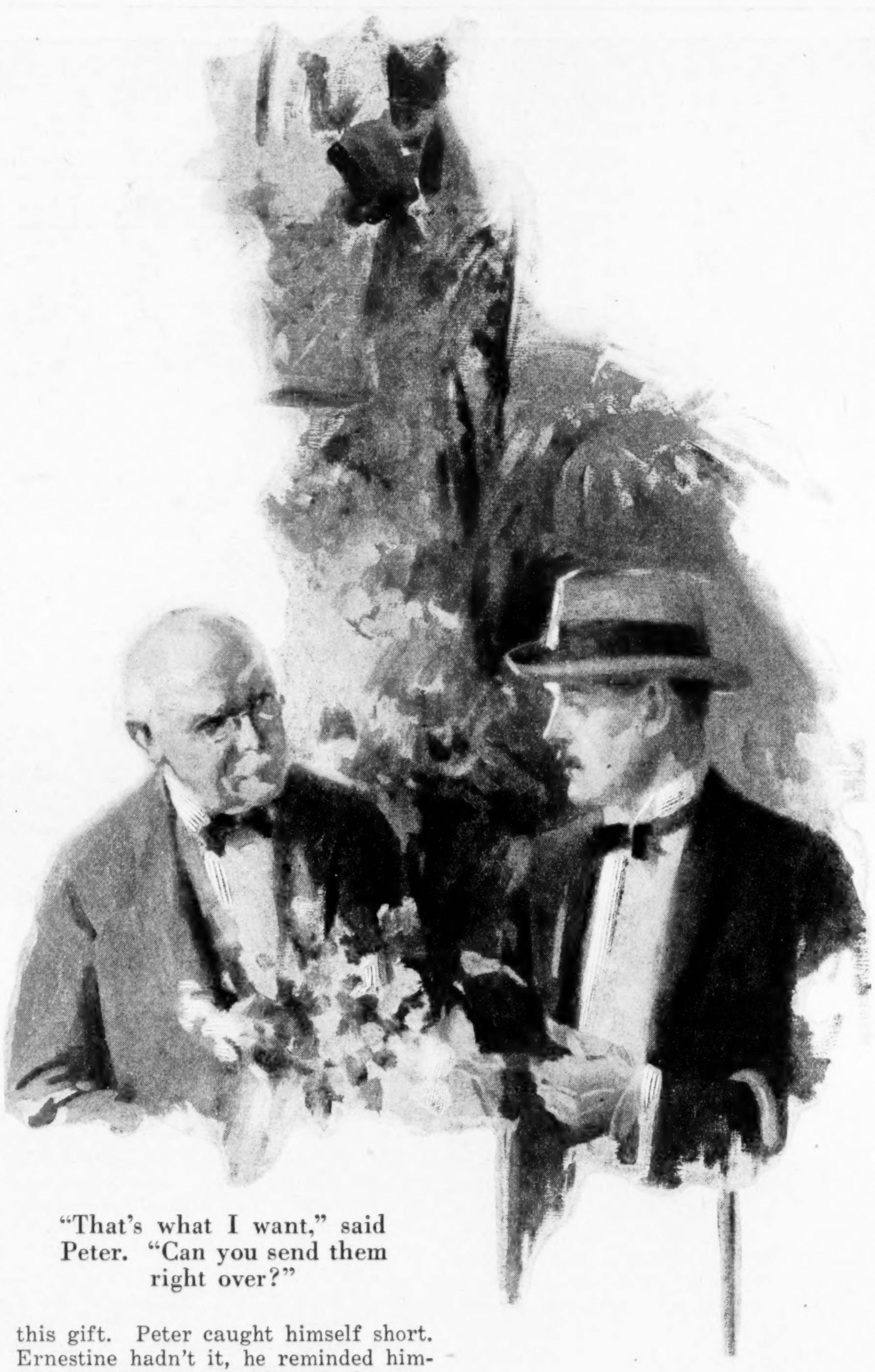
Nevertheless, he had fallen in love with Mrs. Loring; and just before he had gone to Chicago he had told her so; and now, after a month's absence from New York, he was going to her first.

He asked himself how it happened. Immediately he was deeply impatient with himself for asking when he had already decided once for all how it had happened. It had happened because life was like that. The flame of love went out; the embers glowed and died. You got on without the warmth of that flame, in cool comfort. And then you met the right woman and the flame was there again, burning all the warmer because of your sense that you were growing middle-aged and that this was your last chance to live.

That was what men craved—to live more life. Success in one's work was living more life. Founding a family was living more life. Even playing golf was living more life. But was any preoccupation so life-giving as a new love?

THE train rolled slowly into the Grand Central. The porter was busy piling bags in the vestibule. Peter rose and shook his shoulders—as if to shake off the absurd doubts that assailed him. Why worry about what it all came to? Why balance right and wrong? Wasn't he a man of the world, an able lawyer, competent to decide what he wanted? When in doubt the only thing to do was what you wanted to do. Well, he wanted something more than Ernestine's familiar, matter of course, accustomed presence. He wanted Alice. He wanted again to feel that exhilarating tension in the air; to see again that warm glow in her eyes. Imagine his making Ernestine's eyes glow with love! He wanted a responding passion.

He remembered now, with a curious little smile of pride, as he followed two red caps with his bags on his way to the taxi stand, the last time he had seen Alice. They had sat in the late afternoon before her sitting-room fire. She had worn a teagown —a delicate, filmy arrangement of draperies in soft color that was now revealing, now concealing. She was a slender woman with a subtle roundness of limb, a subtle grace of movement.



"That's what I want," said Peter. "Can you send them right over?"

They had talked in the desultory fashion of old friends—except that there was, underneath every phrase, every glance, coloring their talk, giving it a meaning the mere words did not have, an excitement and anticipation, a tension that is not present between old friends. Alice had a singular capacity for producing that mood. You knew, being a man of the world, that she did it on purpose. But you did not know how she did it. Ernestine had not this gift. Peter caught himself short. Ernestine hadn't it, he reminded himself, because she was his wife, because she had been his wife for twenty years.

Alice had given him tea. He had watched, charmed, her every gesture. She had been happy—most flatteringly happy. Was there anything in a woman so charming as the capacity to let you make her happy?

Suddenly he had sat down beside her in the low sofa. He had told her how lovely she was. And, listening to the things he had said, her mouth had suddenly become poignant and a kind of warm glow had suffused her eyes. He had taken her hand in his. For a moment they had sat there hushed, and a little awed, by the force of their own feelings. Then he had kissed her. She had yielded gladly to his kiss, letting him know that she wanted to be kissed.

That was one quality he admired intensely in her. Women in her circumstance were seldom, he knew, one thing or the other. They were unwilling to give up a man's admiration, once they had let it matter to them. They were equally unwilling to run the dangers of yielding. They wanted love, but they were afraid to give love. Alice Loring wasn't afraid.

Peter got a taxi and gave the name of a hotel to the south, a hotel he had chosen because he wasn't likely to meet anyone he knew there. But as the cab swung into Fifth Avenue he remembered that he wanted flowers. He wanted gardenias. Wasn't it gardenias Alice was so fond of? Of course it was. He pounded on the glass, got the chauffeur's attention.

"Stop at the first florist's," he ordered.

It was raining a little, and the asphalt glistened under the street lamps. The familiar scene gave him a poignant sense of being home. He had lived in New York only ten years. But it was home to him. He saw that Browning's, at Fortieth Street, was dark. Perhaps all the florists were closed at this hour. But the taxi driver had an idea of his own. He turned west at Thirty-ninth Street, crossed to Broadway, and pulled up in front of a flower shop. Peter jumped out and hurried into the shop.

"Gardenias?" he asked.

The clerk reached under the counter and produced two small blossoms, already rusty. Peter eyed them with disfavor. "I want gardenias for a lady," he said.

"Gardenias are out of season," the clerk answered.

Peter got back into the cab. "To the Waldorf," he said.

He would find gardenias in the shop off the lobby if gardenias were to be had in New York. But he was likely to run into somebody he knew there. He leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Stop on the other side of the street and wait for me," he said.

The driver nodded, and a moment later he drew up at the curb opposite the entrance of the great hotel.

Peter ran across the street, crossed the wide corridor leading to the lobby, walked into the flower shop. "Gardenias?" he asked hopefully.

The clerk smiled. "Certainly," he said, and got out a great vase of gardenias, their thickish, involuted petals the color of cream against the dark green waxy leaves.

"That's what I want," said Peter with relief. "Can you send them right over?"

"Where to?" the clerk asked.

East Eighty-first Street—119½ East Eighty-first Street. They must be there in twenty minutes."

"We'll have them there in twenty minutes. Are you inclosing a card?"

PETER pulled out a card and paid for the flowers. The clerk whisked them into wrappings of tissue. Peter watched a moment, a little abstracted, with the sense of having forgotten something. Of course he hadn't forgotten anything. He turned and walked out into the corridor, toward his taxi. But as he sat down in the cab, opened his mouth to speak to the driver, he had again that odd and fearsome sense that he had forgotten something, made some mistake.

"Wait a minute," he said to the driver.

Was it possible he had given his own address to the clerk and not Alice Loring's? He rushed back across the street, into the flower shop. The clerk was in the act of handing a box to a messenger boy.

"Here," he said sharply, "never mind sending them. I'll take them with me."

He took the box under his arm and walked out. In the corridor he paused and looked at the address. There it was: 119½ East Eighty-first Street. He had given his wife's address and not Mrs. Loring's. It was as if his inner self, his unconscious self, had insisted on his sending the flowers to his wife, on upsetting his whole plan. Peter had a sudden panic of fear, as if he were a small boy in mischief, in the dark, and frightened of being discovered. What if he hadn't remembered in time? And what was this thing in himself that had almost frustrated him? He looked over his shoulder furtively, like a criminal, and ran across the street to his taxi.

"I'm in a hurry," he said to the driver and gave again the name of the hotel he had chosen.

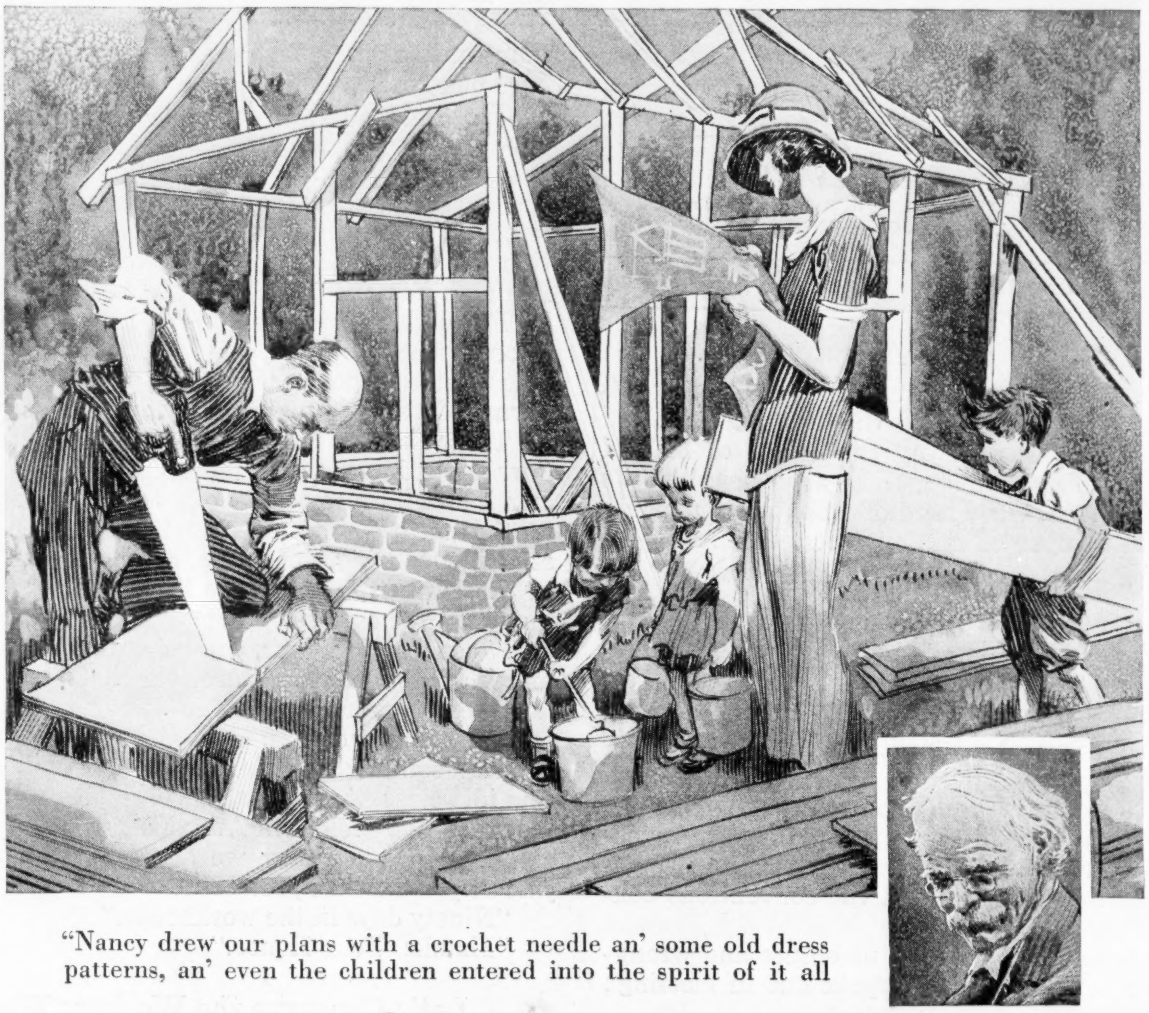
The cab turned sharply, hurried over to the avenue.

Peter forced a smile at himself. How absurd he was! He knew what he wanted and he was going to have it. He knew Ernestine would not respond to him as he wanted a woman to respond. The spark had gone out of their love for each other. Why pretend it hadn't. Why make such a fuss because it had? Why not accept the inevitable? Life was like that.

Once in the hotel, Peter changed rapidly into his dinner clothes. He looked himself over in the long mirror when he was ready and smiled a little self-conscious smile of satisfaction over what he saw there. He was well-knit, slim-waisted, deep-chested. His face, if not handsome, had decision, meaning. He liked the touch of gray at either temple. (*Continued on page 24*)

Where Ignorance is Blisters

Uncle Henry Says You Can Remodel an Old House Yourself If You Don't Know How



"Nancy drew our plans with a crochet needle an' some old dress patterns, an' even the children entered into the spirit of it all

"GOSH, but building costs are awful these days!" complained Mr. Stubbs in a voice of dolorous pitch. "I've been gettin' figures on a new house, an' they're sumpin' scandalous."

"It's all part of a Back to Nature movement," exclaimed Uncle Henry. "From lumber king to humble artisan, each an' every one is doin' his best to put life on a simpler an' more wholesome basis. Pretty soon we'll be roostin' in trees an' lookin' back with incredulity on the days when a roof was deemed essential to comfort. I've quit shavin', an' if my winter coat comes in thick, I won't mind the lack of shelter, but it's goin' to be hard on these bobbed-hair women."

"I wouldn't mind payin' high wages," continued Mr. Stubbs, "if you got anythin' for 'em, but you don't. All a bricklayer does nowadays is give studies in slow motion."

"Simplified spellin'," said Uncle Henry. "The *m* is silent as in manual trades. Haven't you ever heard about the restriction of output? Don't you know that the less work a man does, the more work he makes for others? You're an individualist, that's what you are! I knew it the minute I saw you lift that spool of thread down from the shelf all by yourself. If you had any sympathy for the human element in industry, you'd have made employment for an overseer, a timekeeper, two helpers, an' a statistician.

House Wrecking Made Easy

"I LIKE the change myself. When I want a nice, quiet place where I can sit an' think without bein' interrupted, I always hunt up a house that's in process of buildin'. Now an' then a bricklayer walks in his sleep, an' sometimes a drowsy carpenter drops a hammer, but aside from such accidents no sound breaks the dreamin' hush. Even plumbers have calmed down. I can remember when they ramped through the house like stampeded steers, huntin' for another china closet to knock over, but now they bed down under the bathtub an' never even turn over until quittin' time.

"But comin' back to our subject, 'Lonzo, why don't you build the little home yourself? It's done every day—in the magazines. Only yesterday I was readin' about a man of forty who suddenly realized that he'd been payin' rent all his life an' had nothin' to show for it, while Edward Pillgarlic, who'd been in the same class with him at college an' couldn't even make the glee club, owned a fine home absolutely free except for the first an' second mortgages an' a few mechanics' liens.

"An' he looked across the room at his wife, where she sat mendin' a lipstick for the eighteenth time, an' saw that she was wearin' last week's clothes. Poor little Nancy! All of a sudden he saw his trouble. He'd let himself get into a Rut. He had failed to search through the muddle of doubt an' self-distrust down to the sleepin' strength an' infinite possibilities of his Unsuspected Self.

"The very next mornin' he took the money he had meant to spend on a ball game, an' made the first payment on a small plot of ground that he'd long had his eyes on. Instead of payin' an architect for a lot of expensive plans, Nancy drew them herself with a crochet needle, a ouija board an' some old dress patterns, an' even the children entered into the spirit of it all, collectin' tin foil for the roof an' mixin' the concrete in their sand buckets. Of course muscles ached from the unaccustomed labor, an' sometimes courage failed, but blisters healed an' spirits revived an' by nightfall the Dream Home was a reality.

"Or maybe you don't want to go to the trouble of buildin' a home of your own? That bein' the case, the thing for you to do is to buy some run-down old cottage on a side street an' make it over into a modern bungalow durin' your spare hours. This also is bein' done every day—in the magazines. Perhaps my own experience will be of help to you in your trials, for trials there *will* be in plenty, but when all is over you'll have a home that is your own an' will always stay your own.

"Nothin' could have been more unpromisin' than the old house we picked for our first experiment in remodelin'. Everything about it was in perfect repair an' there was a solid look about the walls an' roofs that made us feel that tearin' down was goin' to be no easy job. But Madge's quick eye saw several places where dynamite could be used to advantage, an', as she pointed out, we could give a young people's party when it came to the worst part of the wreckin'.

"What are you talkin' about?" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs with considerable irritation. "There ain't no Madge in your family an' never was."

"Don't interrupt," said Uncle Henry, "you're liable to throw me a day late on my schedule. The thing to do is plan out the work, a little for each day, for otherwise it's difficult to know what to overlook. As I was sayin', Madge an' I could hardly wait to take possession, an' it seemed as if four o'clock would never come. The very first thing we did was to tear out the old livin'room an' put in a set of handsome bookcases that we made out of the basement windows an' the mansard roof. I was a little nervous, as I had never had a tool in my hand before, but all my friends told me it was an advantage, an' so it proved.

A Place for Your Razor Blades

"THE dark, narrow stairs were torn out at once an' put in the back yard for a rose trellis, an' as this did away with the necessity of usin' the second story, we fitted it up as a play room for the poor little children of the neighborhood on rainy days. The cellar, under inspection, was entirely too dry for the goldfish, but we managed to loosen one of the water pipes, an' the empty aquarium made the humidor I had always wanted an' never felt able to buy.

"The kitchen, a large, sunny room, was quite a problem for a long while, but one night Madge discovered the solution, an' it is now our front porch, gay with chintz, mornin' glories, an' awnin's made out of the mattress covers. The dumb-waiter also proved considerable of a puzzle, but by shorin' it up with some of the oak rafters an' the hardwood floorin' from the parlor, it proved jes' the place for my old safety-razor blades. The bay window moved out into the back yard, turned into a sundial under Madge's deft touch, an' the bathtub, sunk flush with the turf, is now our lotus pool.

"Not a nail or a plank was wasted. The front door, a hideous thing in heavy rosewood, made Madge a new ironin' board, an' we took the old one an' turned it into a day bed for the cook. Many of the neighbors shook their heads at this extravagance, but we only smiled, for whenever we talked of our Dream Home Madge an' I had always said we would have a place where the servants could receive company. A few yards of rep fixed the fireplace so that the graphophone toned right in, an' you'd be surprised to know how few alterations were necessary for changin' the dinin'-room into a music-room.

"The lawn gave us almost as much thought as the house itself, for while a discarded automobile tire provided any number of rubber plants, we wanted shrubs an' flowers. Givin' up the canaries was a wrench, but, as Madge said, some sacrifices had to be made, an' out of the birdseed we saved we planted lavishly an' had enough left over for the window boxes we made out of the oak wainscotin'.

Why Sleep in a Bedroom?

"DAY by day the work progressed, an' if we were tired when darkness fell, there was the consciousness that Madge an' I had come close together again, an' that the wholesome life of the open had brought roses back to the faces of the children. At last nothin' remained to be done but the sun parlor. How were we to get it? We pondered an' pondered, sometimes takin' the whole house to pieces again, but try as we could, there seemed no space for the sun parlor.

"I wanted to let it go, but as I saw the quiver in Madge's lip, an' realized how much her heart was set on it, I lighted my pipe an' sat down to think things over again. It came like a flash.

"The three bedrooms! We'd forgotten them completely. I tore them out myself as a surprise, an' when I saw the dear joy in the little woman's eyes, who shall say that I was not amply repaid?"

"Honest to heaven," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, "you get crazier every day."

"And who wouldn't," Uncle Henry confessed, "readin' magazines the way I do?"

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Published at Springfield, Ohio
Loren Palmer, Editor
Thoreau Cronyn, Managing Editor
Charles T. Brennan, Art Editor
P. F. Collier & Son Company
Executive and Editorial Offices: 416 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Thos. H. Beck, President G. J. Kennedy, Vice President W. P. Larkin, Vice President
A. E. Winger, Treasurer A. B. Casey, Secretary
JULY 19, 1924

Whose Parties Are They, Anyway?

HAVING convened, concocted, condoned, and connived, the politicians now take up the task of making the two parties seem important and look different. Clear away the débris of blasted ambitions and collapsed boomlets. All together now, boys! Let's all be good soldiers together. . . . That kind of talk and that party spirit will corral a certain number of million votes.

But what is this jarring note?

> We call upon all bankers and business men in the elections this fall to vote for the man, and not for politics or party.

Those words appear in a resolution adopted late in May by the Missouri Bankers' Association in convention at Kansas City. It is significant of the new thinking about politics and the growing strength of the nonpartisan.

There was something to say in favor of the present party system when it gave a clear leadership based upon party unity and party responsibility. To-day we have no leadership, no unity, no responsibility. Congress showed that in May, and the conventions confirmed it in June.

Senator Jim Couzens, who often seems to us obtuse and wrongheaded, nevertheless did a service when he spoke out in meeting:

> So far as I can recall, there has been only one strictly partisan issue submitted to the Senate in the present session. There never was any party conference of any sort on the Mellon tax plan. . . . And these party leaders themselves do not hesitate to oppose the President. . . . If we are to follow our leaders, it seems to me a first essential that our leaders should agree among themselves.

The two-party system will not serve us well until we get two parties that are actually opposed, strongly led and loyally supported by convinced followers.

Hard Days for Hard Shells

WHEN the Bastille fell on July 14, 1789, there were not ten prisoners in that gloomy fortress. Hundreds of debtors then lay in jail for debt both in England and in the United States. Yet liberals in all three countries went almost wild with joy.

The fall of the Bastille was the fall of lawless and irresponsible power. The victory of that Paris mob was a triumph of liberty founded on the law.

Voltaire, rich and famous and a genius, was sent once to the Bastille for a political poem written by a man he did not know and expressing sentiments with which he did not agree. And the Regent, who thus jailed Voltaire on a bad guess, joshed him about it. The Bourbon government of France did what it pleased, and people had to like it or be locked up.

That has been the political curse of Europe for more than five hundred years: the notion that government is above the people, hands out their rights to them, does what it thinks good for them. The Bastille went down in dust to symbolize that truth to which Lincoln gave immortal words at Gettysburg . . . "Government of the people, by the people, for the people."

Those who believe in force as the end and aim of government can learn something of the truth from July Fourteenth no less than from July Fourth. Those who believe in liberty and law, and the resistless power of men in brotherliness abiding, can look to these two great days and see their faith fulfilled, aflame and justified through the centuries.

And the full story of human freedom is not yet told.

The Rich Bum vs. the Poor Bum

IT'S an outrage that our laws show such leniency toward the "poor bum" and a stop should be put to it.

On the flimsiest pretext he is jailed, given a comfortable bed, good food. He lives in idleness at the public expense, while, on the other hand, the rich bum, committing the same crime of idleness, has none of these advantages. He is forced to spend his own money for board and lodging.

Surely that's not a square deal. This mollycoddling of the poor bum must stop. These class distinctions in this great republic of ours must cease.

We say, run them both in—the rich bum and the poor bum. Give them equal advantages—in jail, with no charge to either for board and lodging.

And while they are there let's give them both a few practical lessons on the subject of work: first, in the form of delightful motion pictures; and, next, as actors several hours each day while filming a new movie entitled "Work, Dern You, Work."

From the standpoint of the law the vagrant—the poor bum—is one "living without employment, wandering abroad," and "not able to give a good account of himself." When the law gets him he is yanked before a magistrate who jails him.

These things happen to the "poor bum," but there are no similar laws applied to our rich vagrants. In our opinion that is unfair discrimination, especially as the lesser nuisance is the poor vagrant.

Selfish, useless idleness, with the attendant habits, is offensive and demoralizing, generally in proportions increasing with the size of the bank roll. With no bank roll there is often something of humor in the careless, happy-go-lucky life of the poor vagrant.

No excuse, however, can be made for those who, born well-to-do and with all advantages, are ever chasing pleasure.

There is work to be done—work for everyone—if not for gain or self, then for others.

This country is a nation of workers, and to rub shoulders with this idle class, these bums, rich or poor, is obnoxious. There is no place for these idlers in America.

"Your Honor, may we suggest that you treat this rich bum *just as you did that poor bum?*"

"Ninety days in the workhouse."

"Thanks, Your Honor."

Let's Conserve the Workers We Already Have

ILLNESS among industrial employees (according to John B. Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation) means a monetary loss of 750 million dollars annually to the workers. It is obvious that the loss to industry itself is greater. Occupational diseases, illness caused by lack of sanitation, overwork, and other preventable things cause most of this national "lay-off."

We need industrial hygiene; we need industrial health; we need to do everything possible, now that immigration is practically stopped, to keep our present workers on the job. Considerable progress already has been made in various states. There should be, and must be, greater progress in the future.

Every worker deserves not only a job, but a healthful job.

Those Trains Do Move

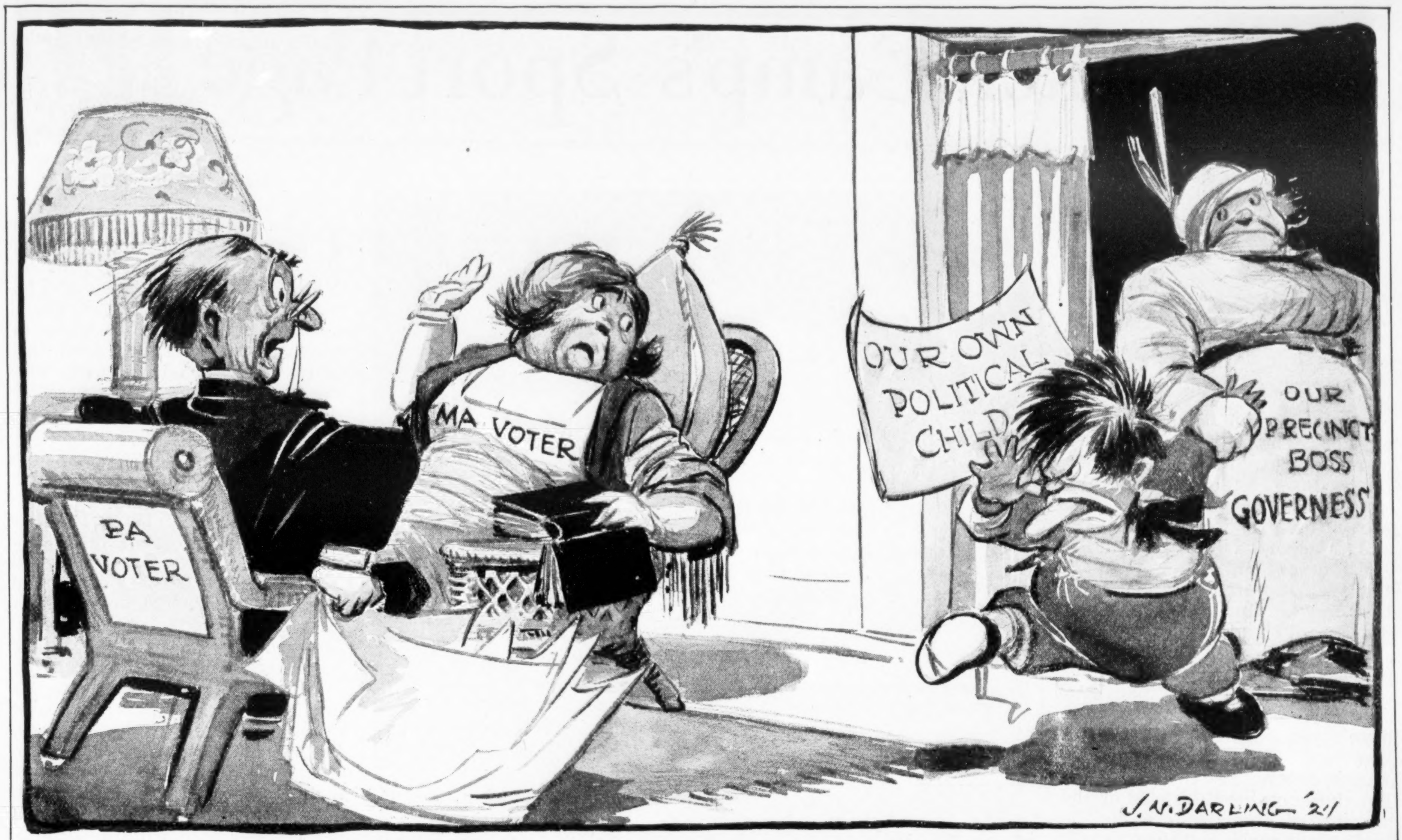
WHEN you wake at three in the morning, listening to the stillness of a summer night, the great railroad world is going on.

The Twentieth Century train is booming west over the flowing levels of the old Lake Shore in that cool, clear Ohio moonlight. The Pennsy's Broadway Limited is looping down the mountains below Altoona alongside what poets have called the blue Juniata.

Through dark pine-grown Carolina flats the Southern mail is shooting up no'th to invade Yankeeland. The Rock Island special is rattling free and far down that wide slope of the continent from Denver to the Mississippi River.

Out among the Rockies the D. & R. G. express is pounding up Tennessee Pass, two miles above sea level, whence water flows east and west to both our oceans. The Southern Pacific through train winds all night around Mount Shasta, snow-clad and glorious under the high stars.

So it goes and will go. Secure in the worth and work of hosts to them unknown, these multitudes of travelers are borne each to his desired haven. Mind cannot grasp this endless multiplex triumph over brute distance. But back of it is that to which our hearts can answer—loyalty so united as in itself to be the proof and power and promise of human achievement.



Folks who leave the bringing up of their children to a governess needn't expect much of the child

He's a Darn Good Fellow

By Edward G. Lowry

HE CAME up to me a perfect stranger, at the breakfast table on the second day of the Cleveland convention, a corn-fed native as big as all outdoors and as free and fresh as the mountain air. He drew up a chair and sat down opposite me. Without preface or introduction or even so much as a good morning he began:

"We ain't doin' anything here. Ain't you gettin' tired of all this millin' around?"

"I am."

"Don't your feet hurt?"

"They do."

"So do mine. What say we leave this thing flat on its back and pull out for home to-night? Where do you live?"

"In New York."

"Well, that's all right—I live down here beyond Ashtabula myself, but I'd just as soon take you on home. I've been thinking a little trip down to New York might do me good. John Thompson is goin' along with us. You happen to know John?"

"No, I'm sorry I don't."

"Well, he's a darn good fellow and you'll like him. There'll be just the three of us in the car. I've got a good car this year. Plenty of room. We'll spend the night at my house. The wife will be glad to see you. Maybe we can get old John to go on with us. He ain't got a thing to do right now. I'll drop you right at your own door. What say we pull out about five o'clock?"

I never had a more genuinely hospitable or open-handed, open-hearted invitation in my life and I never declined one with greater regret.

The whole scene was enacted precisely as I have written it. It could have taken place in no other country in the world except our own.

Long after every detail of Cleveland and the convention has been swept from my mind I will remember that big friendly fellow and be proud that I am his fellow countryman. He was so absolutely without blemish of fear or any inhibition.

We have to say of such large natures and such an open gesture as he made that they are regal, but that is to limit them. Kings dare not do such things, at any rate not modern kings. Richard the Lion-Hearted might have done it, if the stories about him are true, but none other.

This encounter gave to me a new significance and meaning to the whole proceedings at Cleveland. Before I met this startling stranger it had been a dreary enough gathering for all of us who had attended other national conventions. It lacked suspense, it lacked excitement, it lacked enthusiasm. Most of us were thinking of it as just another one of those things.

But my large casual friend gave me a fresh vision. Here were sovereigns choosing one of their number to attend their common and joint public affairs for a temporary and stated period. They set up the man of their choice and they could tear him down again if he did not perform creditably or if they grew tired of him. Their rights and power did not have to be stated; they were implicit, taken for granted.

My particular sovereign had come down in his car with John Thompson to participate. He found that a choice had been made before the convention met. He and the others had only to ratify it with due forms and observances. He approved the choice, but the conventional prescribed procedure made him restless and bored. Why hang around when there was nothing to do? Let's go home—or somewhere. So spoke and acted characteristically this typical American Sovereign.

For the little street-bred people of the crowded cities these contacts are illuminating and educational. My stranger of large ideas and instant action is one of the rulers and governors of this country. He has helped one political observer to understand afresh why no political movement or idea has vitality or stamina or meaning in this country until it is understood and approved by the Middle West. That is really where he whom we like to think of as the typical American makes his home. Like John Thompson, he is a darn good fellow.

Laugh

"SCOLD less, laugh more" was one of four slogans used by a local committee for the prevention of tuberculosis. Few of us wish to confess the need of a warning against scolding, but most of us are ready to acknowledge we might laugh a bit more. If a hearty laugh helps to keep at a distance one of the worst of humanity's plagues, it might pay to cultivate a smiling countenance as an aid to a successful life.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Let the Ball Alone!

WHAT has happened to the star amateurs and professionals of golf who, according to the theorists, were "making jokes out of the modern courses" because of the lively ball? There were some pretty good golfers entered in the national open championship, yet Cyril Walker was the winner with a total of 297 strokes. That total is 9 strokes above four rounds at even par. Bobby Jones, brilliant medal play star that he is, was 12 strokes worse than par, and Walter Hagen and Macdonald Smith couldn't get any closer to par than 15 strokes. It is true that Oakland Hills is a long championship course, but on any true championship test even the best of the stars won't be able to laugh at the course no matter what ball they may use. As for the duffer, he hasn't yet been able to make a joke out of even a nine-hole mashie course. Let the ball alone. The duffer needs the speed of the present ball in order to enjoy the game thoroughly, and the star will score well with any ammunition.

Pointers From Oakland Hills

The results of the open golf championship proved a number of things. Briefly, the proofs offered were:

1. Skill, not force, is the agent most productive of power in getting distance. Cyril Walker, the champion, weighs only 118 pounds and yet his drives were long enough to enable him to win a championship over a course nearly 7,000 yards long. The secrets of his power are firm wrists, crispness and compactness throughout the swing, terrific speed of the club head at the moment of impact with the ball, and a complete follow through after the hit is made.

2. Bobby Jones is the greatest medal play golfer in the world. In five open championships he is 17 strokes ahead of his field with Hagen in second place. The explanation is perfect style. Other golfers may play brilliantly during one championship and falter in the next, but the Southerner's swing is so "grooved" as to make it impossible for him to have a really bad round. Jones is complete justification of the close study of form. The right way of doing anything is the easiest method of performing the given task. Jones consistently outdrove Sarazen as they played together in the championship, and in doing it he didn't seem to be using any more effort than the average golfer uses in making a practice swing.

3. The ability to chip and putt is still more potent in the winning of a major championship than power through the fairway. Walker had power through the fairway at Oakland Hills, but there were a number of others who were even longer. He won with fine work around and on the keen greens and also because he had wisdom enough not to throw shots away.

4. The proper training of caddies can be a profitable enterprise. Playing over the lake at the sixteenth hole at Oakland Hills on his final round Walker first selected a mashie iron. His caddie advised a midiron because of the opposing wind. Walker accepted the advice, punched his ball to within eight feet of the pin and dropped the putt that sewed up the championship.

The upper picture shows Flahive, of Boston College, who patterns his high jumping style after the condor and the Wright brothers.

In the oval is Dave Munro, the world's tenstone champion, instructor to the Scottish wrestlers in the Olympic games, who is putting up with a Glasgow policeman, Archie MacDonald, while he applies the hold that is appropriately called "the flying mare."

5. Hard work is still the best guarantee of a first-class game. In 1922 Gene Sarazen won all of his major golf battles and while he was winning he practiced an hour or two each day at chipping up to the pin and dropping the putts in. Then the soft life of a champion deluded him and he neglected his practice. At Oakland Hills he played his first nine holes in 33 strokes, but he didn't have the hours of practice back of him that would have helped him to hold the advantage that brilliant start gave him. He still has the principal of great ability, but he isn't investing it with practice.

What? Babe Eats Too Much!

According to report Babe Ruth has been bothered this year by overeating. It would be ironic if the career of the man able to hit 59 home runs in a single season should be shortened by inability to control his stomach as well as he controls a baseball. Yet if Ruth should "eat his way out of the big leagues" he won't be the first man to be denied extra years of big league achievement by his stomach.

It is almost possible to make the flat statement that all men are born with the body and the brain necessary to success but lose in the test by their refusal to protect their heritage with even casual attention. The man who immediately sends his automobile to the garage if he detects the slightest "rattle" or "miss" in his motor will go for months and years without adjusting the "rattle" or the "miss" in his personal engine.

Hail, Uruguay!

Uruguay is the winner of the Olympic soccer matches. With all the powerful nations of the world entered, who would have picked Uruguay to win the Olympic soccer title? Uruguay's victory only serves to present further proof that the twentieth-century candidate for any special honors must keep advancing all along the route with world-wide competition as keen as it is. The complacent entry who counts only on past reputation or natural gifts to win for him is likely to find himself in a groggy state with a new but painful sense of defeat.

"How did that Uruguay fellow beat me," he will mutter to himself. "I'm bigger than he is and everybody says I've more ability. All he did was to work hard.

Making It Look Hard

ONE of the great tests of any champion is, "Does he make it look hard?" Christy Mathewson sometimes seemed almost indifferent as he dropped his fadeaway over the plate or worked the corner with some fast ones. Larry Lajoie and Tris Speaker are two of the greatest batters and fielders baseball has ever known and both know the trick of making a home run or a sensational fielding stunt look ordinary. Joie Ray breaks records as if he were out for a practice jog, and Johnston, Tilden, and Richards slip over aces and placements with the most casual sort of manner. The answer to it all is that these men have learned the right way of performing their respective tasks and the right way is always the easiest way. If achievement in your particular sport is costing you too much in the way of physical effort something is basically wrong with your technique. Experiment until you acquire a style that is easier and yet productive of winning results.

A New Tennis Star

Lookouts watching for new stars to appear along the tennis horizon might do worse than to turn their attention in the direction of Jerry Lang, the Columbia court brilliant. Lang has been wise enough to acquire correct form as a basis for his game and this year he is adding the sharp sting that must come along with form if a champion is to be developed. His service and overhead play are his strongest present weapons. He frequently loses points to-day in the attempt to perform tennis miracles, but his occasional recklessness is simply proof that he is willing to gamble for perfection.

Wills Pays the Piper

Harry Wills, after his bout with Bartley Madden, is probably removed as a possible championship candidate for a battle with either Luis Firpo or Jack Dempsey. His poor showing against Madden may cost Wills at least half a million dollars. Five years ago capable ring critics declared that Wills had the power, the speed, the cunning, and the endurance of a possible champion. Age can't take all the blame for his slowing up. During the past five years Wills has been hurling defiance at the champions instead of hurling his gloves at an opponent's chin, and throwing the 16-pound defi has never been known to develop a crushing left hook.

Blarney Works on the Red Sox

The surprising showing of the Boston Red Sox this year is a tribute to the persuasive qualities of Lee Fohl. Fohl is one of those managers who feel that a cheer is better than a harsh criticism. The driving type of leader has proved that he can get results, but the sympathetic and blarneying manager has done the most in getting winning achievement from apparently mediocre material. Fohl is doing it with the Red Sox, Pat Moran did it with the Philadelphia Nationals and the Cincinnati Reds, and Wilbert Robinson has done it with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

What Baseball Has Taught Ty Cobb

Continued from page 7

and Rossman would bunt the ball to third, thus drawing the third baseman in toward the plate. This would leave third uncovered and Cobb made the bag easily. This was the origin of what so many of us have seen: the glorious spectacle of Ty racing from first to third on a dinky bunt. Sometimes, with third still uncovered, the first baseman would make a hurried throw to cut Cobb down, the ball would go to the stands or some other sort of a misplay would happen, and Cobb would get all the way home on the same bunt. It was more than speed; it was brains. And it was this quality that became more and more apparent in Cobb's work as the seasons passed.

"As manufacturers look ahead in their work, there is no reason why ball players shouldn't," says Ty. "At least that was my reasoning back in 1907 and 1908. A manufacturer doesn't wait until the last minute to order his raw material. If he did, his factory would have to close down. I thought the same idea could be applied to baseball. At first sight it didn't seem possible. But it's simple, and I finally got it started.

"When the Tigers were ahead, say 7 to 1, and the game was near the end, I would do what I called 'establishing a threat.' Now, you understand that the game doesn't mean anything. That is to say, that with six runs ahead and our pitcher going good, one out, more or less, doesn't make any difference. So I could afford to be thrown out. Very well. Now remember that on a hit to the outfield you usually get about halfway to second, if you run fast and turn first at full speed. All right. You still return to first before the ball, because the outfielder throws to second and you beat the ball as it's relayed to first. Now here's the point: the fielders are on the defensive. The runner isn't. If a runner is speedy, all that hinders him from moving on toward his goal is stumbling over the bag or on the base lines. But look what chances enter into the fielders making a misplay:

"1. The fielder may fumble the ball, as it takes a bad bound.

"2. It may slip from his hand as he goes to throw it.

"3. He may make a bad throw.

"4. He may make a perfect throw that may take a bad bound.

"5. He may make a perfect throw that the second baseman may drop.

"6. The baseman may make a perfect catch of a perfect throw and the runner still may evade him.

"There are, therefore, six chances for the runner to get to second. At any rate, I would put this line of thought into action and get thrown out in a one-sided game where we were, as I said, six or so runs ahead. But I would establish a threat in the minds of the fielders. They would see me dash for second and almost make it.

"A few weeks later in a close game, where one run was needed, I would hit the ball and again make for second. The fielder would tighten up on the play: that is, he would get tense trying to get the ball to second ahead of me. And often he would hurry so that one of the six possible mischances would happen and I would be safe. But the play was not made then and there: it had been made, really, weeks before when I tried for second and was thrown out.

"Finally, with all due respect to the fielders, they made so many mistakes that they increased my confidence more and more and I got away with more and more stuff.

"Often I would try apparently foolish plays like this, having previously established my mental hazards. But when trying these plays out first, to establish the hazard in the minds of the fielders, the plays would look, as I say, foolish. Thus there sprang into being the saying, 'Cobb's running wild on the bases.' I never ran wild very much, as I had a reason for what I did."

"Play Safe" is To-day's Motto

TY POINTED out one thing that was interesting, a play that is seldom tried any more:

"With a man on first, and myself on third, I can get him to second without any trouble unless there's a crazy play by the second baseman or shortstop. How? It's simple. With a man on third the play is always at the plate, for naturally your opponents don't want you to score. Let the man on first start for second; the catcher throws the ball; the minute I see the ball pass the pitcher I dash for home. Naturally the second baseman cuts in and whips the ball toward home, where I am not, having returned to third. The minute the ball leaves for the plate, the man on first can reach second easily. This is inside baseball, which simply means outfiguring the other fellow. But it is no more."

Twenty years a big leaguer, Ty Cobb is still at the top. He says he's been lucky, but keeping in condition is the main thing

Cobb has a logical explanation as to why inside baseball is temporarily shelved, just as he has good reasons for everything. All of his conversation is intelligent; as, indeed, are his hazel green eyes. For all of his twenty years in baseball, Ty still looks young, more like a well-dressed broker in the early thirties, than the usual conception of an aging ball player. He has, too, a finely shaped head, although the way he wears his cap on the ball field—down over his eyes—prevents that feature from being noticeable. He also has a sense of humor, and dimples in either cheek emphasize his frequent smiles. But he was not smiling as he continued on baseball:

"The live ball has cut down inside baseball. It is hard to cut down anybody at the plate any more; the outfielders have to play too deep. In the old days they could play closer to the infield, but now most of the assists the outfielders get on plays at the plate are by relaying the ball through an infielder to the catcher. Again, in the old days the plays usually centered around second; the object then was to cut down base runners at second, so they could not be pushed around for a run. The principle of baseball now is: play safe; don't take an extra base; the next man will wallop one and bring you home.

"However, there's hope. Baseball, like everything else, travels in cycles. When I broke into the big leagues, the spitball was just coming into use; then there was a run on the high ball, the low ball, and then the trick pitching, such as the shine ball and the emery ball. Now the tendency is back to cleaner pitching. The slugger is now in his glory. There are no more one-run plays, or stealing third, or stuff like that. What's the use? You go along and push one run across, and then another, until you get three or four; then in the ninth biff-bing-bang and the other fellows have put across a cluster of runs by slugging, and have the game."

Two Meals a Day is Plenty

TY DOES not believe in golf for his men. He says they can't concentrate on ball if they play golf. Besides it tires them.

"Some say they can get into condition by playing golf," he remarked, "but they can get into condition just as well out on the ball field. All we ask is that they be at their best two hours a day on the field, and they can't give their best if they're playing golf."

For his part, Ty keeps in condition during the winter by hunting. "That's 100 per cent exercise for me," he said. "You know muscles don't get flabby through work. It's the deterioration once they get flabby in winter. Then they're gone. But I notice the fellows aren't as much overweight when they report in the spring as they used to be. They take good care of themselves during the winter. The young ones now usually save their money and, without going into particulars, you can see the connection between this and good condition.

"Personally, I've been lucky in keeping in good condition by not having any bad injuries. I started studying causes and effects. I noticed that when I slid into a base I was tense. Something had to give. So I started sliding limber. Another thing was about getting hit at the plate by a pitched ball, so I developed a stance that let me get away quick if a ball came near hitting me. You have to be able to duck and move easily.

"Another thing is, when I started in I used to eat three meals a day. I couldn't play well after a heavy lunch. I cut down on my lunch and felt so much better that I cut it out altogether. Now I eat only two meals a day. And I always get enough sleep. If I'm up late one night, I get to bed early the next.

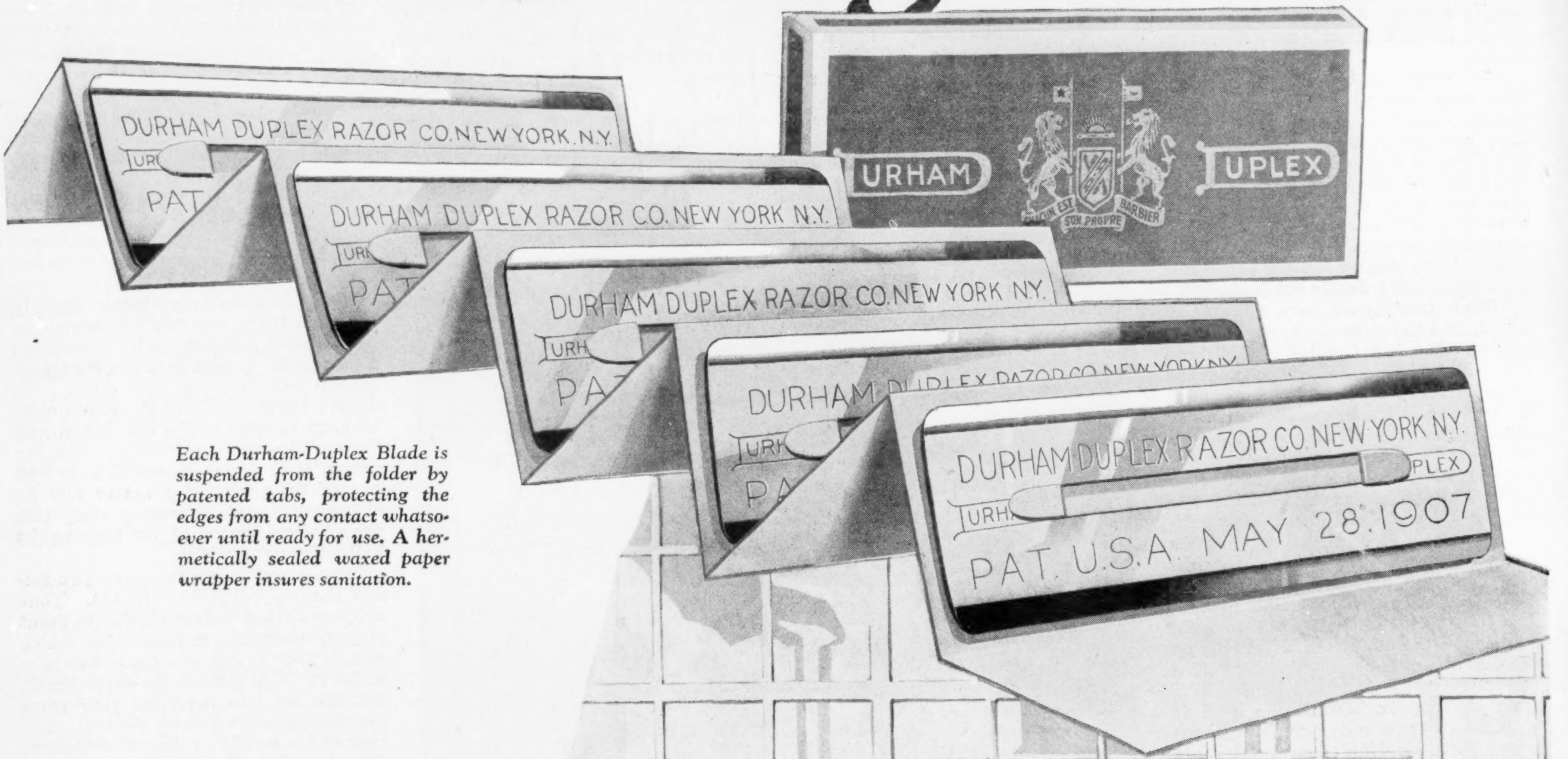
"Why is a batting slump: Nobody knows. It's entirely unconscious. Sometimes psychological; sometimes mechanical. A man may unconsciously change his style at the plate. He doesn't know he's doing it. And unless he asks somebody who can watch him he won't know what's wrong. Another reason is that a man may lift the ball out of the park for a homer and he changes his style to wallop every ball for a homer, instead of just tapping the ball. That ruins him.

"You know in batting you don't follow the ball till it hits the bat. Your eye sees the ball maybe six feet in front of you, telegraphs to your brain, which directs your wrists, and you either miss or hit it. You can see the curve break, but it's too late then, for your arms are already moving to hit the ball. The roar of the people in the stands doesn't make any difference; if you concentrate, you hear nothing. All you think is: 'I'm going to hit the ball; I'm going to hit it; I *can* hit it.'

"The pitcher I found hardest? Carl Weilman—used to be with St. Louis. He didn't put much on the ball, but I couldn't get hold of it. Doc White used to be hard for me to hit—used to be able to fan me all the time on his drop. He was with the White Sox and was a good left-hander, you may remember. His drop was a beauty, and I used to break my back trying to hit it. I finally figured that if I stood at the very back of the batter's box, which is a couple of feet behind home plate, I could touch him. He still had to pitch to the plate, and I had that two-foot advantage. So the drop used to break right over the plate and I'd get under it as it broke. He never struck me out after that.

"The greatest pitcher I ever saw was Eddie Plank. He had everything, but most of all brains. He had a good drop, control, curves—and he used to mix his fast ball and his drop and curves and shoot them from three or four different positions. With Plank pitching, the batter was in a hole from the moment he stepped into the box. He used his head all the time. And after he lost his fast ball, he stuck in the big leagues. How? He used to go out and practice by the hour until he developed a slow ball that was as good as any I've ever seen. I think the last game he pitched he either won or lost by only a 1-0 score. Think of that. I think Cy Young was a wonder, too, though most of you forget him now. Just think how many games he pitched. I don't know the exact records, but I think you'll find he won more games than most pitchers now even pitch. The only one who has a chance of coming near his record is Walter Johnson. (*Continued on page 25*)

The Extra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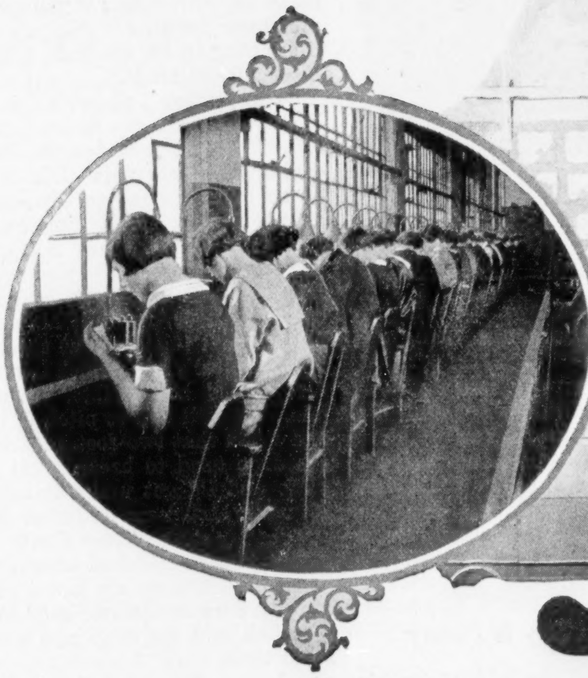

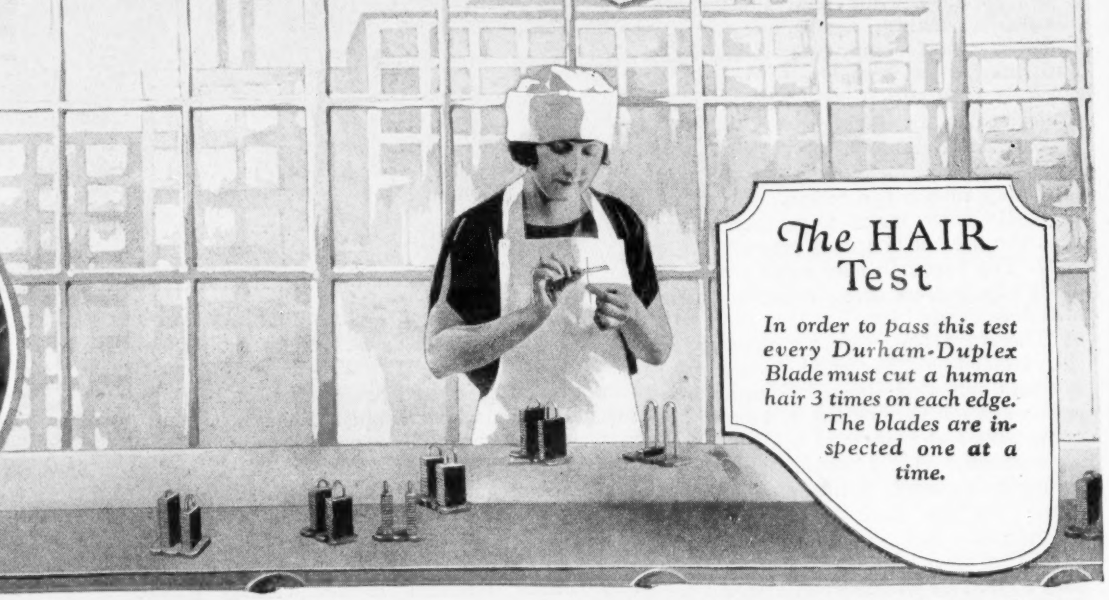

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URHAM

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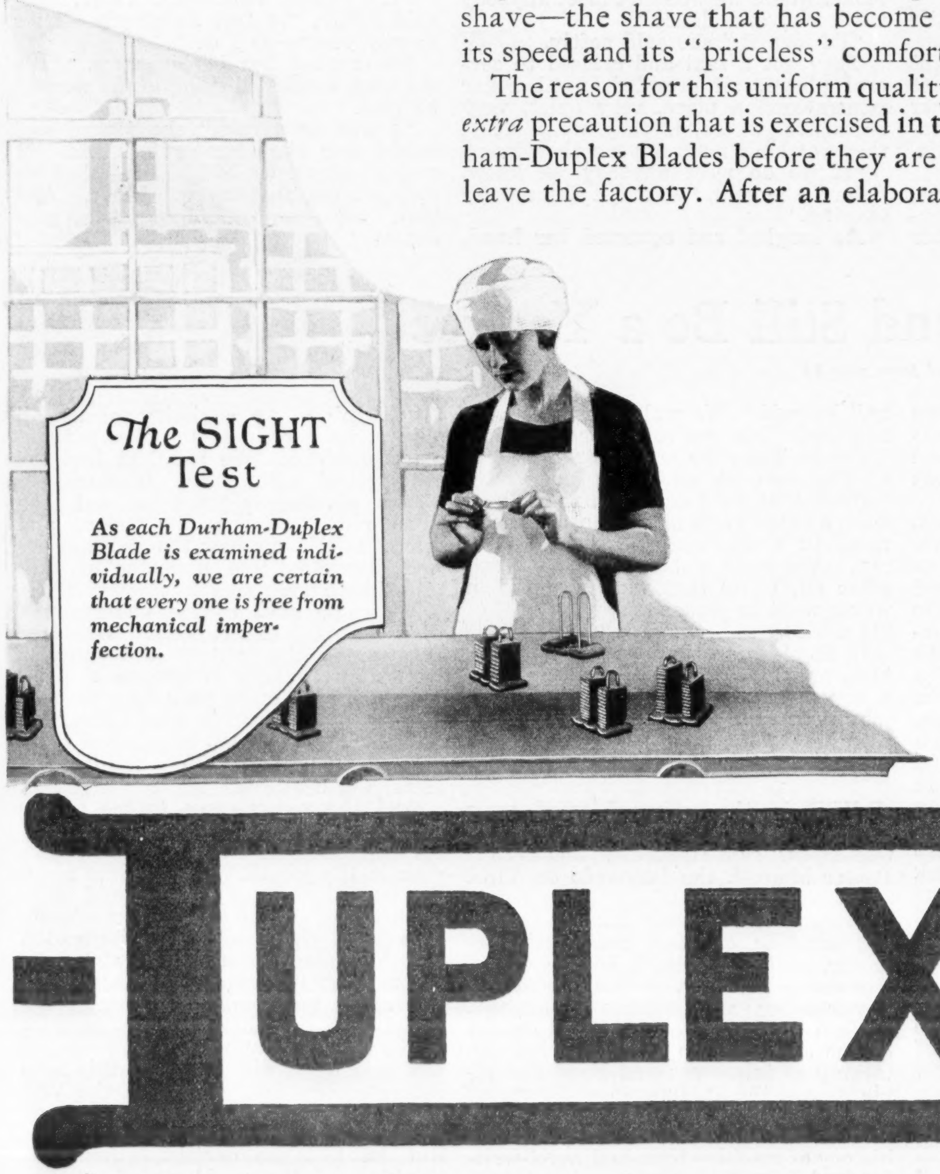
WHETHER or not the extra-long, extra-keen Durham-Duplex Blades are the finest must be left to your own judgment. The Shaving Men of America are daily rendering their verdict.

But you can depend upon it that *all Durham-Duplex Blades are exactly alike*. All give the same shave—the shave that has become famous for its speed and its "priceless" comfort.

The reason for this uniform quality lies in the *extra* precaution that is exercised in testing Durham-Duplex Blades before they are allowed to leave the factory. After an elaborate series of examinations at each stage of manufacture, every blade must finally pass the rigid Durham-Duplex Hair Test and Sight Test, the most thorough and expensive operations of their kind employed by any razor manufacturer.



The SIGHT Test

As each Durham-Duplex Blade is examined individually, we are certain that every one is free from mechanical imperfection.

Insuring 100% Perfection

Much expense might be saved by making these extra tests mechanically, instead of employing a corps of highly skilled inspectors. Or, as a matter of fact, 98% of Durham-Duplex Blades would measure up to our strict specifications even if these extra examinations were eliminated entirely. But the tremendous additional cost is incurred to insure Durham-Duplex users against the *other two per cent* and make it possible for us to declare them 100% perfect.

Protecting the Edges

In order to translate this perfection to terms of shaving comfort, the shaving edges are preserved by giving them absolute protection until actually put to use. When a man removes a fresh Durham-Duplex Blade from its little tabs, he is sure that the edges are just as keen as when they were so carefully passed on at the factory.

Most important of all, the uniform quality of Durham-Duplex Blades is reflected in uniform *results*. The twelve million men who use these marvelous oil-tempered, hollow-ground blades are distinguished by a smooth, clean-shaven appearance under all circumstances.

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He was still young. He remembered that only a few years back he had thought of forty-six as being middle-aged, settled, incapable of any deep or rich emotion. Some men of forty-six were actually like that. He wasn't. He had the same feelings, the same capacity for responding to life and love and laughter that he had always had—except that now his feelings were deeper, stronger, surer.

He glanced at his watch; it was half past seven. He would be late for dinner if he didn't hurry. He put on his overcoat, took the box of flowers under his arm, went down in the elevator, got a taxi. How good it would be to see Alice again after these four, nearly five weeks.

What a lovely creature she was when she was aglow with love! So warm, so sweet, so yielding! He ached for the touch of her, as one aches for something lost, never to come again.

The cab pulled up with a grind of brakes, the rear wheels skidding. Peter jumped out, paid the driver, ran up the steps. He was in the act of ringing the bell when the front door opened, and he stood face to face with his wife.

"Oh, Peter," she cried and threw both arms around his neck.

He took her in his arms, held her tightly, hungrily, against his breast. But at the same time that his body acted unconsciously, his mind was consciously leaping from conjecture to conjecture, and all the time part of him was saying to the other part of him: "Steady, steady, till you find out where you are."

Ernestine put her mouth up to be kissed. He kissed her tenderly. She kissed him warmly. She leaned back in his arms to look at him.

"Oh," she cried, "I so hoped you would come. I took a last look out of the window—knowing you weren't coming till to-morrow—knowing I'd have to go in to dinner all by myself—and then you were there—getting out of a taxi—and I knew you'd remembered, too."

He released her and held out the flowers to cover the fact that he did not know what it was she thought he had remembered.

"I've brought you gardenias," he said.

On the Verge of Being Wicked

Continued from page 16

"Oh," she cried, "my gardenias!"

Arm in arm, they walked into the house. He knew what had happened. His inner self had spoken a second time. He had given his home address instead of Mrs. Loring's.

Ernestine took the gardenias out of the box, buried her face in them, drinking in the faint, sweet, slightly exotic odor. Then she reached up and kissed his cheek, love and laughter in her eyes.

"Dear Peter!" she said.

Peter handed his hat and coat to the butler.

"But where are your things?" Ernestine asked.

"I left them downtown," he said coolly. "I wanted to come all dressed for dinner."

"Oh, Peter," she said, and put her arm through his.

HE REMEMBERED now that gardenias had been her favorite flower for years and years and years—ever since he had given her some on their honeymoon. But what was it made her so glad to see him? What had he done to please her so? He hadn't known anything he did could please her so.

"Come," she said, "let's go in to dinner. We shall dine alone to-night—just us two.

He followed her quick steps into the dining-room. She whisked the roses out of the bowl in the center of the table and filled it with gardenias. Then she took two of the flowers and pinned them at her waist.

"Now, Peter," she said. She approached him with a single blossom. He bent while she put it in his buttonhole.

"There," she said, giving him a little pat.

For the first time he looked straight into her eyes. His spirit rose to what he saw there—to the warm glow in her eyes. He could not resist the temptation to take her in his arms again. They kissed.

She leaned back again in his arms, looking at him and laughing, laughing with her mouth, her eyes, her whole body. She was curiously happy, curiously alive—like a woman in love.

Then he remembered. The odor of the gardenias helped him to remember. This was the 15th of April and their wedding anniversary—their twentieth wedding anniversary.

"Dinner's ready," she said.

He sat down obediently opposite her.

They talked through dinner as only two people who have been married for twenty years and who have not seen each other for a month can talk.

The old, easy, friendly understanding that was their essential relationship returned. But with a difference. Now he saw that he could—if he would—evoke that response in her he had so much desired. He saw what had happened when he had run up the front steps. She had wanted him, wanted him especially on this evening of all evenings, wanted him so much that she had stood looking out of the window, watching for him even when he had written that he wasn't coming. Her dream had come true—in the very moment when she was giving it up. He had come, bearing flowers, dressed for a party. He had treated her as if he were a lover. That had made her happy. He had an intense desire to see her happy again, a desire so poignant that it brought the tears to his eyes.

"Do you know," he said, "what I'd like to do more than anything else in the world?"

She rose, came round the table, sat on the arm of his chair.

"No," she said.

"I'd like to go somewhere with you alone, where we wouldn't meet anybody we know, and dance."

"I'd love it," she said softly.

They got a taxi and cruised to several places, all crowded, until Peter remembered a place, very quiet, very expensive, where, if they were lucky, they wouldn't meet anyone they knew.

"If we do meet anybody we know, Peter," she said, "we'll tell them we're twosing."

He laughed and squeezed her hand, delighted with the word, a word he'd hardly heard for twenty years.

They hadn't danced together—alone, like this—for years. And, after all, no woman could dance as Ernestine could. They had always danced well together.

Peter awoke to the fact that she was flirting with him, flirting exactly as Alice Loring had flirted with him. He wasn't essentially any surer of her than he had been of Alice. He wanted to be sure of her. He wanted her for his own.

Afterward, in the taxi, going home, he took her hand in his and she snuggled against his shoulder. Of course he was sure of her.

IN HER sitting-room she leaned back luxuriously in the low sofa beside the fireplace. He touched a match to the fire that was always laid there and turned out the lights. They sat, side by side, with no light but the little fire on the hearth.

He took her hand in his. He had forgotten Alice, forgotten everything in the world, except this creature of life and love and laughter beside him.

"Ernestine," he said slowly, "I'd forgotten how lovely you were."

The little fire on the hearth caught at the larger sticks, blazed up.

"I had forgotten how much I loved you," she said quietly.

They sat watching the fire.

"I had begun to think we were just old married people—that if I wanted a thrill out of life I'd have to find some other man to flirt with—some one I'd be new to—that I could make fall in love with me."

Peter's arm, around her waist, tightened grimly.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Her mouth suddenly became poignant, a warm glow suffused her eyes. They kissed.

"It's rather wonderful, Peter," she said softly, "to feel about you—after twenty years—as I do."

He crushed her in his arms. "It's the most wonderful thing in the world," he said.

"I was so afraid," she sighed and rested her shoulder against his. "I was so afraid we had lost it—that we had got too used to each other. And then you came—bringing me gardenias!"

You Can Dream and Still Be a Yankee

Continued from page 14

accomplished much, but not by any means all he had expected to do, and now he had begun to feel the need of a general shaking up. After a lifetime devoted to the simplifying of mechanical processes, he is troubled by the inefficiency of the machine of public affairs, he is brooding on a new bigger invention in human relationships.

"Shouldn't we change our form of representation," I suggested, "and have our representatives chosen by each industry and profession, the best man out of each?"

"That would be ideal. But how are you going to make the change?"

Why Not Slogans in Politics?

HIS talk drifted off into vague phrases. It is a popular notion that the man who talks vaguely and uncertainly, toward no definite end, is of necessity a vague superficial thinker, that the real thinker is always precise, sure, consecutive, clear as crystal. As a matter of truth, definiteness and certainty are often the mark of superficial thinking; vagueness and incoherence the mark of a real mind troubled by and groping toward the solution of a defect in our system of things that the routine mind fails to sense at all. So with Hartness.

"Slogans," he said slowly. "We invent political slogans, and choose candidates by them, and elect them, and then let these slogans determine the conduct of government, while actually those slogans have hardly any relation to the life and needs of the people. Yet slogans are wonderful things. In industry we have slogans. Why can't we have real slogans in politics, slogans that will bring forth the best men and inspire them to their best work? But how?"

His eyes flashed behind his glasses. Then he sank back, musing. Presently we rose, went up through the house to get our coats and hats, and walked down the hill to the shop. It is a little startling to one calloused by the impersonality of New York to walk with a man through the main street of a town of five thousand and see him greet by name virtually every man, woman, and child he meets, exchange a sentence or two with most of them, and frequently fall back to engage in earnest conversation. He hailed a curious old fellow passing in a decrepit democrat pulled by a sorrel horse. He told me how the man wanders back and forth on horseback between Vermont and the Far West, as the mood strikes him.

"That fellow knows life," he commented. "He hasn't let life get the better of him." As we went through the shop, I began to realize the force of Hartness's damaging comparison of industry and politics. We who know little of industrial plants imagine them places of tumult and shouting, of blind grind and rush. The plant was a light, open, clean place; a place of active movement, true, of the steady rush of machinery, yet a quiet place too. Hartness paused to introduce me to several of the older workmen.

"We have quite a few men that have been here over thirty years, and about sixty who've been with us over twenty," he said. We walked on. "Labor troubles? No, we've never had any. There isn't any union, any organization of the men at all. The men have learned that we treat them fairly, pay them as high rates as we can, and carry them in slack times as long as we can. We have a bonus system; but, after all, I feel that what a workman wants most is personal appreciation of his work by someone above him. Every man should have the job that suits him best, and he should be treated in such a way that he feels he has the finest job in the world.

Great Thinking in a Cave

OVER in the corner I spied some queer objects. "Those are Porter's telescopes," said Hartness, "and here is Porter himself, the Leonardo da Vinci of the establishment."

I shook hands with Russell Porter, odd satellite of Hartness, arctic explorer, artist, architect, composer, astronomer, inventor, a man who deserves a magazine article in himself.

Then Hartness and I walked on out of the shop and up through the town, talking of telescopes and Ford and biplanes and the St. Lawrence Waterway and the six-hour day and Coolidge and Hoover and the Ziegfeld Follies and the history of machine tools and novel-writing and John A. Hill.

We climbed up to the cave and sat down and talked some more, then went up into the house to dinner with Mrs. Hartness, and came back to the cage and talked and talked and I sat amazed at the versatility and vitality of this man's mind, its curiosity about all things, its eagerness to solve a thousand problems. We went up into the turret and swung the telescope to Venus, glowing in the west, and then upon red Betelgeuse in Orion, and Hartness told me how the astronomers had discovered the diameter of that incredible star.

We came back to the underground den, still talking eagerly. Hartness reverted to the subject of teamwork.

"Teamwork is a fundamental principle of life. You find it among the animals, and in primitive man. Why," he reiterated, "can't we have more of it in our conduct of affairs, national affairs, world affairs?"

And the vision came to me of his ideal of government—units with flexible teamwork in all their parts, each man in the job that pleases him most, the best thought of science and engineering gathered to the conduct of public affairs. Each unit with its leader, a man of magnetism, power, and courage to carry it forward, and these units moving in teamwork in a greater national unit, and that unit in teamwork in the world of nations. . . .

Vague, is it all? Indeed, this man did not, there in the cave in the Vermont mountainside, carry us to any confident solution of the world's affairs. But he left me excited, stimulated, thinking of the problems of government and industry and life as I have never thought before. And I hope I have conveyed to you some of that exciting atmosphere of inquiry, of eager probing toward the solution of *our puzzles*.

What Baseball Has Taught Ty Cobb

Continued from page 21

"How much is a good young pitcher worth—say, like Alexander when he was breaking in? Ten thousand a year? More than that; I'd pay him $15,000 or $20,000 a year myself. Expensive? Not a bit of it. Look at the (he didn't want the name mentioned) club. Why, on one pitcher alone, really, they've been able to buy young players and put up a big plant that's probably worth a million dollars, as most clubs are now."

THE old Athletics of 1910 and 1911 were the best team Ty ever saw. "They were a smart team," he says. "I think the combination of Collins and Barry around second was better than Evers and Tinker. They were not only a great defensive team, but they had a great offensive. And, boy, they were smart! You know the Athletics were the team to drive their opponents to combination signals. In the old days it was simple; two fingers meant a curve; one finger a fast ball. But the Athletics used to get a man on first, sacrifice him to second, and then the man at bat would make the pitcher waste a few balls. While he was wasting them, they'd pick up the signals. So the rest of us had to develop the signals now in use. The catcher puts two fingers on his glove, then one, then one. And the signal may be either the first, middle, or last gesture. Even after he's given the signal, he can switch it by throwing some dust in front of him. You've seen them do that."

Ty likes being a manager, but it may force him to quit playing. He puts it: "There's too much to do as manager and player too. In the old days a manager had no assistants and needed none. He got his players usually from the ranking minor leagues and they knew something about baseball, but now they come from the amateur ranks, prep schools, and semiprofessional teams, and don't know so much. And as the manager can't teach each one personally—there are too many of them—he has to have assistants to help. I'd rather have married men—they're more stable, just as they are everywhere else. Breaking the new ones in is another reason why I'm going to retire. Because I want to break somebody in for my job. I don't want to hang on playing until I'm faded."

He would not want a son of his to play professional ball (just as most fathers want their sons to enter some other occupation than their own); he thinks baseball is the greatest force in the world for boys.

"Spoiled boys are not coddled on ball teams," he says. "They have to learn to accept defeat with the idea that 'we'll get you to-morrow and beat you.' And a boy playing a position has to use his initiative. When he's in the field he's got to think and act for himself. It's up to himself."

CONTRARY to general belief, Ty doesn't mind fans razzing him. They pay to see this spectacular figure. "What I object to is for them to say things—things they wouldn't say if they were face to face with me. The ball field is our office. Suppose we should go into their offices and be as profane. If we swore at them, there'd be a riot. But they cut loose on us and expect us to lay down under it. The cities where the fans are nuttiest? St. Louis—phew!—and Cleveland."

However, Ty doesn't mind this especially. He isn't interested in much but getting out and winning. He's been doing that in a spectacular fashion for twenty years, with the help of his brain. And for this he will have gotten $500,000 or more from baseball before he is through. The moral of which, as Ty himself might say, is to have ambition, energy, and brains—not to mention physical perfection.

More or Less Human

By Fred C. Kelly

SOMEBODY was telling me that he recently discovered the folly of reading a book too rapidly. He found that in his haste he skipped whatever looked strange and read what was more familiar. Hence he got out of the book only what he had already known and didn't learn anything.

Don't Be a Directory

NOTHING is much more unwise than to recommend a pleasure resort. Last summer a man and his wife asked me to suggest a place where they might spend a month's vacation. I told them of a place in the mountains where I had once had a delightful outing. They went there and didn't like the crowd or the food. Somehow they think I'm personally responsible for their unsatisfactory vacation. While that was still fresh in my mind, a man inquired if I could tell him of a good boarding-school for his daughter! I wouldn't tell him, even if I knew.

Before You Marry an Angel

INSTINCTIVE feelings appear to be a much safer guide in the long run than intellectuality. Suppose that a man is in a marrying mood and meets a beautiful, talented young woman. He investigates her pedigree and finds it to be one of the best. She is highly and elaborately educated, with a top-notch intelligence quotient in all the standard tests. Moreover, she is economical, agreeable, kind, affectionate, and a good cook. If guided only by his intellect, a man might logically marry such a young woman. But let us assume that notwithstanding all her estimable qualities he somehow doesn't like her. Then he'd better follow his instincts rather than his intellect and let her marry someone else.

Swap Junk Every Decade

I READ recently of a tribe of Indians who from time to time give away all their personal possessions and take a fresh start. Why isn't the idea sound? Nearly every family has thousands of useless articles the care of which makes them miserable. Wouldn't almost anyone be happier to give away the bulk of his household stuff at least once every ten years?

Nothing to Brag About

A YOUNG man came along recently with a brand-new automobile and spoke rather patronizingly to me as he noticed my old weather-beaten car that I bought back in the fall of 1915. He plainly felt superior to me. Yet why should he? I happen to know that he is so careless in his habits, so neglectful of his property, that he has to have a new car every year; after he has driven a car for twelve months, it is worthless. His new car is always a symbol of his incompetence and slipshod character. Why should he be so cocky toward anyone capable of taking care of property?

Nothing to See

I TALKED recently with an old Adirondack character who had just made his first trip to a large city. "How do you like the city as compared with the woods?" I asked.

"The city's pretty dull," he said, "nothin' to *see*."

It set him thinking

HERE, right in the prime of his business career, he had fumbled the biggest deal he ever had undertaken. It was the great disappointment of his life. And now he was putting himself through a rigorous self-examination, trying to fathom the reason for his failure.

Just then he stumbled across a peculiarly frank magazine advertisement that seemed to hint at the possible reason. It made him do some hard thinking.

* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic. There are three sizes: 3 ounce, 7 ounce and 14 ounce bottles.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

Interesting news!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. * * While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations. * * They are 25 cents a package.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

On Broadway

Continued from page 10

said Effie. "I'll go see what I can get."

It's only a block from Broadway to Sixth Avenue, but it seemed to Effie Parker that it was the longest walk she had ever taken—a journey, indeed, from one world to another.

But the employment office wasn't as bad as she had anticipated and the man who received her became almost cordial when, in answer to a question about her experience, she confessed that she really knew nothing but the stage.

"Actress, hey?" said the man. "Ain't much call for one of your sort usually, but right now I think we can place you. I'll give you a note to the feller and you run right along and see him."

The note he gave her was addressed to Mr. Frank Tichenor of the Spring Beauty Cosmetic Company at an address in the middle Thirties, east of Sixth Avenue.

MR. TICHENOR, a bald, fat, little man, in a big bare office read the note and looked her over appraisingly.

"He says in the note that you've been an actress," he commented. "Hard life, that, I suppose."

"Yes," said Effie. "Sometimes."

"That's it," said the fat little man quickly. "Sometimes. That's just it. It ain't steady. Sometimes it's all right, and sometimes it ain't. Now if you do well with us, we're prepared to keep you going all the time. The pay ain't big maybe, but it's steady and you get it. That's one thing about us you'll find different from these fly-by-night theater people. What you earn you'll get every Saturday night, just as regular as the week comes round."

"What sort of work is it?" Effie asked.

"Oh, didn't he tell you over at the employment office?"

"No."

"Well, it's like this," said the little fat man. "We put out a better line of cosmetics than any firm in the business. No question about that. Give us a fair test and we can prove that, any time, anywhere. The trouble is people don't know that, see? That's the trouble."

"I see," Effie murmured.

"Another trouble is we're small," Tichenor went on. "Oh, we're solvent," he added hastily. "Sound as a nut financially. Small but solvent, that's us. Ha ha! Wouldn't be a bad slogan, would it? Small but solvent. I'll have to remember that. Might have use for it some day. Never can tell when you're going to have use for a thing, can you?"

"I suppose not," said Effie.

"Some of the bigger fellows can spend more on advertising than we can," Tichenor went on. "We can't buy newspaper and billboard space with 'em dollar for dollar. We're small, see? Small but solvent as I said. I must remember that. What we've got to do you see is to spend a little money and attract a lot of attention. That's where you come in. You attract the attention."

"Oh," said Effie.

"That's it," said Tichenor. "It was my idea. We hired a window in a drug store and fitted it up like a corner of a girl's room. There's a chair in it and a dressing table. And what do you suppose is on the dressing table?"

"A window," Effie muttered faintly.

"Window! How could a window be on a dressing table?"

"Oh," said Effie with a start, coming back to earth. "Oh, the dressing table? Why—various sorts of Spring Beauty Cosmetics, I suspect."

"That's it," said Tichenor, banging the desk with his fist. "You guessed it. Everything for my lady's face. Spring Beauty Cold Cream, none other. Spring Beauty Lotion, Spring Beauty Lipstick and Rouge, Spring Beauty Powder, every color, but just one quality. Everything, as I said, for my lady's face and Spring Beauty products, every one of 'em. You get the idea?"

"I think so," said Effie apprehensively. "A little, at least."

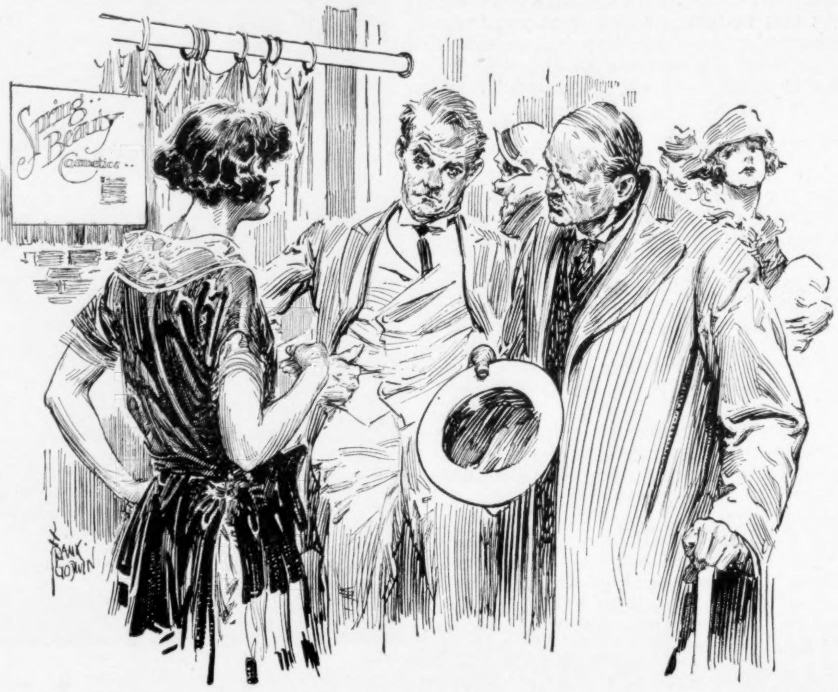
"Sure, you do," said Tichenor. "You're bright. What happens? People stop in front of this window to look at this place all fixed up like a girl's bedroom. When there's a crowd there, in you come. They got a place all screened off where you can sit when you're not working. You come in without any makeup on your face and pretending to be all tired and dragged out. You look just as pale and tired and miserable as you can. You're an actress; you can make yourself look that way, can't you?"

"In a drug store window?" said Effie. "With a crowd on the sidewalk watching?"

"Yes."

"I can," said Effie emphatically. "That part of the job's going to be easy."

"Sure it'll be easy," said Tichenor heartily. "For a girl like you who's been an actress it'll be a cinch. Of course, as I said, there won't be much money, but it's regular and you get it. And, as you say yourself, it'll be easy. Well, you come in all tired and worn out and pale and miserable looking and sit down in front of the dressing table and act as if you thought maybe the next minute would be your last, you feel so bad. Then your eye lights on all these Spring Beauty Cosmetic articles and your face brightens up a little. Not too much, you understand. You mustn't brighten up too much until you've tried them. But you brighten up some. There is hope, see? That's what's in your mind when you look at these things. As long as there are the Spring Beauty Cosmetic aids to health, beauty, and happiness, there is hope. See what I mean?"



"You've had professional experience, of course?" he queried

"I see," said Effie. "Yes indeed, I see just as plain."

"SO THEN you sit there and start in using our stuff. Each thing you use you feel better and your face brightens up more and more, until by the time you get all made up you're just almost bursting with joy. You're so happy you want to dance and sing. You're what they say, just—now—uh—radiant. You can act that out, can't you?"

"For how much?" Effie asked.

"Well, I told you it wouldn't be so much," said Tichenor, watching her with a speculative eye. "But if you make good with us and the scheme works it'll be regular. Say about—oh well—we want to do the best we can—say twenty-five dollars a week."

"Forty," said Effie explosively. "Not a cent less! It's bad enough to act in a drug store window for a street crowd at any price. I'll do it, but I'll starve in the street before I'll do it for any less than forty dollars a week."

"Thirty," said Tichenor painfully.

"Forty," Effie repeated stubbornly.

"Thirty-five," said Tichenor, with effort. "I give you my word. I couldn't give you a cent more if you was to be Mary Pickford herself."

"Forty," said Effie rising as though to leave and with a ring of fanaticism in her tone.

"All right," said Tichenor, almost tearfully. "I don't see how we can afford to do it, but we'll try. We could get lots of girls for less, but of course they wouldn't be as pretty as you are and, then, they haven't been actresses. You understand I'm only giving you that much because you're so pretty and because you've been an actress."

"I'm glad to know why you're so good to me," said Effie. "I might have lost sleep wondering if you hadn't told me. When do I start work?"

"Eight o'clock to-morrow morning," said Tichenor. "Eight sharp, mind! If you're going to get forty dollars a week, you've got to be on time!"

"I won't be late," Effie promised. "Where do I report for work?"

"At Hagenbacker's drug store," Tichenor said. "Hagenbacker's on the west side of Broadway, just above—"

"Broadway!" Effie whispered tensely, staring at him. "Hagenbacker's on Broadway?"

"Yes, that's it. It's just above—"

"Broadway!" Effie repeated and suddenly exploded in a wild hysteria of bitter laughter.

"Here! Here!" said Mr. Tichenor alarmed. "What's this? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Effie assured him, controlling herself with an effort. "I'm all right. It's just about—about Broadway, you see. The drug store being on Broadway. It surprised me. I've always wanted to—to play Broadway."

"And now you got your chance," said Mr. Tichenor beaming. "Ain't it funny how things work out for the best when we least expect it?"

"Yes," said Effie faintly, fighting to control herself, "It's fine. I didn't expect it when I came here. My—my chance, I mean. I'll be there in the morning, Mr. Tichenor."

"At eight o'clock," said Mr. Tichenor. "At eight o'clock sharp."

"Eight o'clock sharp," Effie repeated unsteadily. "At Hagenbacker's. In the window. On Broadway."

SHE was still unstrung when she reached her room. "Broadway!" she said to herself, half giggling, half crying, as she hung up her storm wet cape. "At last! To-morrow is my opening night. Morning rather. And the curtain goes up at eight o'clock sharp. Oh gosh, I'm glad it's funny! I couldn't stand it if it wasn't funny."

A bitter humor took possession of her and she began arranging her room to correspond with the window set as Tichenor had explained it to her.

"This is the dressing table," she said to herself, as she arranged her makeup things on her washstand. "This is the chair and out there's the audience—out there on the sidewalk. Now, then, I must get this right. Can't afford to open on Broadway half rehearsed, even in a drug store window."

She giggled and began going through the act as Tichenor had outlined it to her. Starting by the foot of the bed she made her entrance weary and dejected. She slumped into the chair before her washstand like one lost to hope. Then she caught sight of the make-up articles and her eye brightened. With an air of interest she began the process of making up. As she went on she grew more and more animated, until when her toilet was complete she was fairly radiating good spirits.

"As a matter of fact I do feel better," she said to herself, dropping her pose. "We'll try that again."

She wiped off the makeup with cold cream, dried her face and went through the act once more. When she had finished, the humor of it struck her again. "Broadway!" she exclaimed, giggling, as she got into bed and turned out the light. "It took two generations of my folks to get a chance to show in the big city, but we sure land to-morrow."

Then quite suddenly she quit laughing and buried her face in the pillow and cried. She was thinking of her mother and the things they had planned together.

AT EXACTLY eight o'clock the next morning a milkman on his way home after the completion of his route, left the Elite Dairy Lunch, picking his teeth, walked a few steps north on Broadway and paused to look idly at the small stage set in the window of Hagenbacker's drug store. He tossed away the toothpick and was just on the point of resuming his walk home to his room and bed when a girl appeared in the window, coming from behind a screen. The milkman stopped again to watch. He noticed that she looked tired, fearfully tired. Her face was drawn and white, her shoulders sagged. Her features were lax, her eyes lusterless. Everything about her fairly screamed fatigue. The milkman grinned.

"I'll bet she was out on a party last night," he thought to himself. "What I mean, that must have been some party the way she looks. Hot dog! She's just about sunk, that one."

At nine o'clock the milkman was still there. He was sleepy, but fascinated.

"She's a darb," he confided to the considerably interested group keeping him company. "I seen her go through that sketch four or five times now, and I get a kick out of it yet. The way she comes out from behind that screen looking like— There she is! Look at her. Don't she look like she's about all in, hunh?"

The crowd laughed appreciatively, eagerly watching the weary figure behind the plate glass.

"Stay with it, sister!" one of them called out.

"Try a bromo and ammonia, kid!" said another.

"Boy, she looks like the fag end of a hard night, don't she?" the fat man commented, chuckling.

"Watch her now," said the milkman. "Look at her perk up when she gets her eyes on 'em paints and powders an' stuff. Look! See her begin to feel better? Ha ha ha! Ain't she a darb?"

"Baby doll," said the fat man. "Look at that cold cream work on her. Takes hold just like a shot in the arm, hunh?"

Thus the comments from the ever-growing crowd as Effie Parker finished her sketch, rose, seemingly radiant of spirit and undeniably beautifully made up, pirouetted gayly, bowed, smiling and kissing her finger tips, and retired behind the screen.

At nine-thirty the milkman looked at his watch and swore.

"An hour an' a half!" he said disgustedly as he elbowed his way out of the crowd in front of the window and started off up the street. "Imagine me standing there an hour and a half and losing my good sleep watching that kid pull the same stuff over and over again. I got no sense."

He grinned then in spite of himself and snapped his fingers at his recollection of the performance. "Cute!" he said, chuckling at the recollection of her. "Class! I'll say."

The milkman went home to bed then, but in the drug store window on Broadway Effie Parker continued doing her stuff, doing it with a desperate, bitter brilliance, bowing and smiling gayly at the ever-increasing crowd after each short performance and hating them individually and collectively for standing there, witnesses of her humiliation.

Near eleven o'clock her hostility to the crowd in general became focused on one individual. He was a short, slender, intense man of middle age who stood with his face pressed against the window pane watching her avidly. The intensity of his gaze drew her attention when he first stopped and a warm surge of anger ran through her.

"Idiot," she thought as she went through the motions of her part. "Loafer! Haven't you anything better to do than stand out there in the cold and watch me make a monkey of myself up here in the window?"

He was still there with his face pressed against the window when she went behind the screen at the end of the short performance, and there after she had wiped off the makeup and come forth to repeat the sketch. He was there motionless, watching intently while she did her act four times, and each time she stepped out into the window to find him still watching she grew yet angrier.

AT THE end of the fourth performance as she started to retire behind the screen she stopped, turned her head, met his eye, held his gaze for a moment, and made a face at him.

It was not much of a face. Just a wee grimace. But an hour of speech could not have conveyed the emotion she felt more expressively. The crowd outside caught the meaning of the grimace instantly and howled with laughter. When she came forth a few minutes later to repeat her stunt the little man who had stood with his face pressed against the window was gone.

"I guess he got what I meant," she thought to herself with a little thrill of satisfaction. "The goggle-eyed old fool!"

When she retired behind her screen again the manager of the store opened the little door at the rear of the window and poked his head in.

"There's a gentleman here wants to speak to you," he said.

She looked beyond him and saw the lean, hateful face of the little slender man who stood before the window watching her so intently.

"I'm hired to do my work here in this window," she said hotly to the manager. "I didn't bargain to meet any stray mashers that might happen in and ask for an introduction."

"Just a minute," said the object of her anger stepping forward and producing a cardcase. "My interest is purely professional, believe me. My card."

She took the bit of pasteboard in her fingers and looked at it first scornfully and then unbelievingly. Then she looked at the lean, hard face of the little man and compared it with her memory of photographs she had seen in newspapers and magazines and she knew that the name on the card was the real name of the man that stood before her, the name of one of the biggest managerial figures in the American theatrical business.

"Naturally I don't know how you can read lines," the little man was saying. "But so far as type and personality and pantomimic ability go, you're what we've been looking for for the lead in Hastings's new piece for the last three months. You've had professional experience, of course?"

"Yes," said Effie faintly.

"Naturally," said the little man. "That's obvious. Have you played in anything around town?"

"No," said Effie in little more than a whisper. "No. Always on the road or in stock some place else. I never played on Broadway"—she hesitated and smiled very slightly—"before."

"You'll do," said the manager grinning appreciatively. "If you're obligated to these people I'll buy you off and you can come up to my office and— Hey! Look out!"

He stepped forward quickly and caught Effie Parker's sagging figure in his arms. "Get some smelling salts or something," he called to the manager of the store. "Hurry up, you fool! This poor kid's fainted."

AT THE opening night of Hastings's piece, "The Shabby Way," the curtain went up at eight-forty-five. At eight-fifty Effie Parker made her entrance. At eight-fifty-one Davy Jones, a morning paper critic, was twisted in his seat, holding his program so that it caught some of the reflection from the stage lights and searching for Effie's name.

"Who is she?" the lady with him whispered.

"I don't know," he whispered back. "I never heard of her. I don't think she ever played in a Broadway show before. I wouldn't forget that girl in any part in any play."

At ten-five, Jones out smoking between the acts met Martin Harmon, another morning paper critic.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I don't," said Harmon briefly. "I can think any time. To-night I am completely engrossed in the rare experience of enjoying myself in the theater. Further than that, I swear, Davy, I'm going to sit down in front of my typewriter and slop all over the keys about this young Miss from nobody knows where."

"Good, isn't she?" said Jones grinning.

"Good!" Harmon exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that after sitting through a performance like that your imagination furnishes your vocabulary with no adjective stronger than merely good? Why, man—"

He was interrupted by a hatless young man with a wild look in his eye who grabbed him by the arm.

"How can I get around to the stage to see Miss Parker?" he asked frantically. "I've got to see her! Really I have. I've got to!"

"Not a painful duty, young man," said Harmon rebukingly. "I'm going to have to see her myself to-morrow. But do I run about in a nervous manner acting as though the thought of the meeting gave me a headache?"

"I—I've *got* to see her," the young man continued desperately. "I'm—you see—I'm an old friend."

"Interesting!" said Harmon dryly and directed him to the stage door. "Better not try to crash through back there till the last act's over," he advised him.

"All right. Thanks," said the young man breathlessly. "I'll go round by the stage door and wait."

At eleven-twenty a wild man broke through the jubilant crowd back stage grouped around Effie Parker congratulating her on her triumph. One of his eyes was rapidly swelling shut and turning blue where it had gotten in the way of the doorkeeper's fist when the latter resorted to rough tactics to keep the young man out. His clothes were mussed and torn where stage hands had grabbed him after he got past the doorkeeper.

An intimate friend might have been excused for not recognizing him, but Effie Parker rushed into his arms with an unintelligible cry of greeting.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said huskily, as he held her close. "I thought I'd never find you! And then, to-night, I saw your picture in front of the theater. Out there on Broadway—"

This test is
FREE

How Men Win

A significant Shaving Cream story

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

We win by service only, as you know. By doing one thing better than other men have done it.

That is the whole story of Palmolive Shaving Cream, one of today's sensations.

Here for 60 years we have studied soap. Some of the greatest soaps in existence are of our creation. Our Palmolive Soap is a leading toilet soap of the world.

Shaving soap a different problem

But Shaving Soap is different. It is not a cleanser, but a softener. A dozen shaving creams each had countless followers. The users were reasonably satisfied. The problem was to create a Shaving Cream so superior that every man who tried it would adopt it.

We brought to our laboratory every other shaving cream. We put them all to scientific tests. Then we studied to excel them in every quality desired.

We made 130 shaving creams, each better than the others. And we at last arrived at what we deem the utmost in a shaving cream.

Millions of men have adopted it. Tens of millions more will when they know. Not a living man has found a cream to do what this cream does.

Just watch it act

Don't buy it—just ask for a ten-shave test. Compare Palmolive Shaving Cream with the soap you are using now.

If we have done what you desire, adopt it. If not, return to the old. We ask no favors. Do what serves you best.

But we do ask the courtesy of a test, after all this effort to delight you, to serve you as others have not done. Concede us that test. You owe it to yourself and to us.

5 BETTER RESULTS

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.

It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15 per cent of water.

It maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

The super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. That's the major purpose in a shaving soap.

The palm and olive oil blend leaves delightful after effects.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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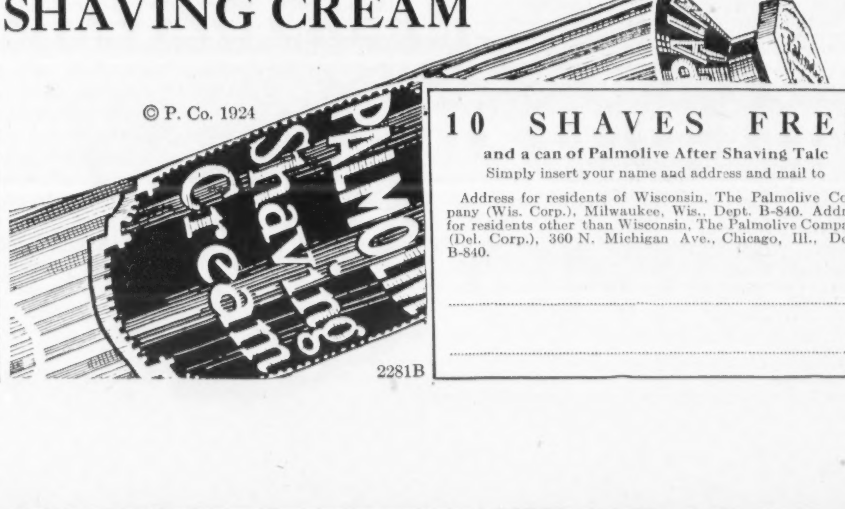

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to

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The Milk Leaguers

Continued from page 11

Products Company, the largest distributors of milk in New York City, controlling to-day about a third of the metropolitan supply. There was thus instituted a third milk war—a "civil war" this time, farmer against farmer, pooler against non-pooler—a war which is still on.

It is a hard battle. Nevertheless, the toughest nuts can be cracked in a sufficiently powerful modern pre[illegible], and the Dairymen's League-Borden alliance—each ally the greatest dairy organization of its kind in the world—is both powerful and modern. And it cracked recently the toughest non-pool nut in New York City—next to Sheffield Farms—the Empire State Dairy Company, the third largest milk distributor in the city.

It is the guess of the writer that it was a case of beautiful, expensive, cutthroat competition. At any rate, the upshot, after two years, was that the Empire State Company sold out (February 1, 1924), the purchasers being the Dairymen's League and the Borden Company.

Has the league under this compulsion gone a bit too far in its pooling plan? It is significant that the two strongest farm periodicals in the territory are both urging compromise. Mr. J. J. Dillon, proprietor of the "Rural New Yorker," charges not only inefficiency but autocracy, overcentralization, too high salaries, etc. He proposes a model like that of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, the crucial point being that the latter is a central selling *agency* only, ultimate decision on sales being with the locals. Equally successful coöperatives, however, show as high centralization as the league's, including decision on sales. As for league salaries, for a business of $82,000,000 a year, they seem modest.

BUT just what has the league been able to do for the dairyman in dollars and cents? The answer can be brief. In 1916, before the first milk war, the dairyman got for fluid milk 3.2 cents per quart; in 1923 he got 6 cents, an advance of 87.5 per cent. The corresponding price advance for 56 representative farm products (United States Labor Bureau figures) was 8⅛ per cent. The league secured for the dairymen more than ten times the advance for the average farmer. Even the league's pooled price, which includes the low-priced surplus, shows an advance of 50 per cent in this period—six times the average farmer's. A remarkable showing, the result of coöperative action.

But the cry is raised: "The non-pooler has got more out of it than the pooler!" The answer to that is: "So much the greater is the league's achievement. It has raised and stabilized prices for the entire dairy industry, including its chief enemies."

What of the "middleman spread"? In 1916 that spread on fluid milk (average of grades A and B, delivered) was 7.3 cents; in 1923 it was 10.5 cents, an advance of 44 per cent. That is, the league got about twice the advance the middleman got—which is going some.

What of the consumer? In 1916 he paid 10.5 cents per quart; in 1923, 16.5 cents (average grades A and B, delivered). The price was advanced to him between the two dates 57 per cent. The corresponding advance for 22 representative foods at retail (United States Labor Bureau figures) was 32 per cent. The advance on milk was much the higher. Does this mean profiteering? No, because it was admitted on all hands, after extended public investigation, that the 1916 price for milk was far too low and out of all proportion to other prices. And milk is still the cheapest food on the consumer's table for value received.

A WORD in connection with this as to the League-Borden alliance. There are people who fear the combination as a rolling snowball of monopoly, on the way toward sopping up the entire dairy industry and strapping the present advanced prices firmly and permanently to the consumer's back. Is this to be feared?

Dr. Charles E. North, one of our ablest milk specialists, gives the following figures: "In Ottawa, Canada," he says, "where practically a monopoly exists, the cost of milk handling and delivery is only 3½ cents per quart. In Milwaukee, where almost a monopoly exists, the cost is only 4½ cents. In Philadelphia, where the business has been to a large extent centralized, the cost of milk handling and delivery is only 5½ cents per quart. But in Kansas City, where the business is split up among numerous dealers, the cost is stated as about 9 cents per quart."

Moral: Let the snowball roll—and watch it!

For proof, take the case of Vancouver, British Columbia. The dairy coöperative there, of 1,800 farmers produces 85 to 90 per cent of the milk in the Fraser Valley. It sells, *direct to consumers*, two thirds of the city's milk through its own distributing company, of which it owns four fifths, the general manager one fifth. Result, the farmer gets more for his milk in Vancouver, and the consumer pays less than in any other city of equal or greater size on the continent; and the farmer gets *two thirds* of the consumer's dollar, instead of his usual fraction, *one third*. There are 175,000 people in Vancouver. The retail price in 1921 was a bit less than *9 cents per quart*. In New York (average grades A and B) it was more than 16.5 cents. Straws show which way the wind blows. This is more than a straw. It is a tremendous signpost, with just one word printed on it—"*coöperate*."

The league is too powerful, too firmly knit by ties of past sacrifice and struggle, too firmly founded on solid successful performance, to permit it to give way. With growth in economic knowledge and experience, it will carry on into still more fruitful territories of coöperative agriculture.

The Mountain

Continued from page 6

complement but his shadow; and it seemed she moved and lived only as he willed it.

That submission which at first she gave because she loved him became habit with her before her first ardor had lost its intensity; what she had given so lavishly she still gave when to give was merely to submit. Beard had the arrogance of youth; the devotion of his wife confirmed him in this quality, and it became a thing not so easily forgiven, the arrogance of middle age.

At the same time his passion for toil had such a hold upon him that he grudged the necessary interruption in his wife's work about the house which the coming of the baby entailed, and afterward resented the fact that there were times when she must care for the little girl, even when the cream needed churning.

THE worst that may be said of Beard has now been said. It is only fair to add that he gave all his own energy to the tasks of life; that his farm absorbed his every waking hour. In fall and spring he cultivated more land than any other lone man in the town; in the summer he cut more hay; in the winter he felled more wood, selling a considerable surplus from the slopes of the Mountain to householders in East Harbor. Now and then, by purchase at the price of waste land, he extended his acreage.

He owned at this time all the northwest end of the Mountain. It was of value because of the wood which clothed its flanks; and on the northwest shoulder there was a patch of open land, an abandoned pasture, where blueberries grew in astonishing plentitude. Jennie and Mrs. Beard picked these berries every year and put them up, as they did every other product of the farm susceptible to such treatment. The picking involved a difficult climb up the steep, southern slope of the Mountain; but neither objected to this. Rather they enjoyed the annual adventure, finding a solace in the beauty which, when they were on the mountain top, was spread beneath their feet.

Beard himself rarely ascended the Mountain. He was absorbed in his own affairs, toiling about its foot, and he had no concern with the heights above his farm. He was nevertheless jealous of his rights there. Two years before, boys had raided the berry patch, and when Beard discovered this he posted an authoritative sign warning them off. Save for this instance, when anger drove him to the ascent, he had not climbed the Mountain for years.

To sum him up: a strong and vigorous man, ruthlessly strong and arrogant in his strength—a man sure of the justice of all he did, with the easy conscience which supports such assurance. He had all his life been engrossed in his immediate tasks; had—though he demanded much from her—given his wife everything of strength or labor that he possessed. A man, you might have said, who missed much in life which he might have had, but rather to be pitied therefor than blamed.

Mrs. Beard, rebellious in futile and uncertain fashion against this and that in her daily life, groping for something she could not identify, longing for something she could not define, was no wise different from many other women. Some wives in her position learn, painfully, contentment; they become as placid as the dead, though they wear the dress of life. Some wives, at the other extreme, have a vigor in their revolt which dignifies and almost ennobles them even in defeat. But Mrs. Beard, outwardly submissive, inwardly querulous and reluctant, was in a miserable case indeed.

Jennie deserves more extended consideration.

The soul of Jennie Beard was like a climbing vine against a ruined wall, which reaches upward till it no longer finds support, then gropes to right or left, seeking always some means by which to lift itself higher.

Her girlhood had been full of a strange and persistent unhappiness; a wistfulness which revealed itself upon her countenance, wringing the heart of her mother and even at times disturbing the arrogant assurance of her father. She was a child who seldom, even as a baby, laughed aloud; in her smile there was always a suggestion of reserve, so that an imaginative person, seeing her, sometimes thought of a wild animal surprised upon the margin of some deep wood and poising for instant flight.

When her babyhood was past, Mrs. Beard at first took and then sent her to the country school near-by. The small, rectangular, one-room structure stood a little way back from the road, a scant mile from their farm. The teacher was at first a young woman who had for one year attended the University of Maine; she was one of those women who love children, but who lack, in spite of this fact, some of the essential qualifications of a teacher.

The children in the school worshiped her, carried flowers and fruits to her, attended upon her every word, but Jennie was unmoved by her attractions and watched her with a steady and appraising eye. The teacher found her difficult; and Jennie in turn was relieved when after a year or two this young woman was replaced by an elderly spinster, molded from cast iron and with an acid tongue. Beneath this formidable exterior, Jennie perceived that which appealed to her; she attached herself to the woman, and got from her something intangibly beautiful; a flavor of the imagination; a fragrance of the spirit.

HER life at home during these years was not altogether an unhappy one. Children are resilient. Dave Beard insisted that she do what work came to her small hands, but Mrs. Beard spared her the rougher tasks, and Jennie never felt, nor had need to feel, that she was abused. She very early learned to be sorry for her mother, and with this feeling a faintly condescending pity was mingled. Toward her father she felt no particular affection; he did not invite such a sentiment. But on the other hand she was not afraid of him, and in some fashion she could hardly have defined to herself, she respected the driving spirit which dwelt in him, compelling not only the man himself but every person and thing around him to give themselves to the utmost.

Her mother, forever rebelling against this domination, forever stifling her rebellion, wore herself out in the consequent turmoil of her emotions. Jennie, more calmly accepting the situation, making the most of it without rebellion, was never particularly unhappy. Her nerves were controlled, her speech was slow, her eyes were steady; and Dave Beard now and then had an uncomfortable feeling that he had done something or other, against his will, because Jennie wished him to.

Mrs. Beard was quite unable to comprehend the relation between her daughter and her husband. She had none of that quality of willing obedience. Like most women, though she obeyed, it was grudgingly and unwillingly and rebelliously. Jennie, on the other hand, even as a child, comprehending the fact that Dave Beard's whole purpose was forward, gave him her obedience willingly, accepted his decisions as wisdom and supported them. That she did this without coming into conflict with her mother, without even letting her mother perceive her own lack of sympathy with the older woman's spirit of revolt, is a tribute to her capacities.

Jennie sometimes thought that she must inevitably come to an hour of conflict with her father, but she was sufficiently feminine to put the thought aside, postpone the unhappy day.

The girl's progress from youth to womanhood was marked by two or three events, and by a dozen incidents, these latter not worth recording. Of the events, the first occurred at the time when she had finished her work in the country schools, had gone as far as they could lead her, and came to the point where she wished to go to high school in East Harbor.

To do this required, obviously, her father's consent; it meant absence from home at least during the week. Her father's sister in East Harbor would—Jennie made sure of this by letter—board her and care for her, and her father could transport her to and fro weekly if he would. Having assured herself that the matter could be arranged if Dave Beard were willing, she led her mother to speak of it to him.

Here again she gave evidence of understanding. She half expected her father's refusal, and she had taken care to avoid making an issue of the matter—had warned her mother not to urge him, and herself entered the kitchen where they were discussing the affair in time to assent to his negative. She knew herself still too weak to meet him on even terms; knew her own youth and helplessness. So she gave Dave Beard submission in words—and afterward covertly arranged to get the textbooks which were involved in the high school course, and proceeded to master them. The process occupied her time for a period of three years; her father never suspected what went forward.

Jennie had from the time she was a child made her own room a sanctuary into which her mother seldom ventured, her father never. It was easy enough to conceal the books from him; and since he was—like most men who work long hours out of doors—inclined to go early to bed and to sleep, she had the evening in which securely to pursue her purpose.

A second event worth recording occurred in the summer of her eighteenth year. She had finished the high school work; she suggested, and with her mother's help arranged, that she should go for a week's visit at her aunt's home in East Harbor. That week was filled with many matters. Jennie's aunt, astonished to discover in the girl a strange beauty and a wistful grace, loved her on the spot; and Jennie took full advantage of this devotion.

Among other things, she discovered the wealth of books in the world worth reading, and spent two or three long afternoons in the small public library. Incidentally, she learned to dance, and rhythm laid its spell upon her, so that when she came home she found herself at times moving about the house to the beat of a tune which ran through her mind without ever issuing from her still lips.

Sometimes, in her own room, she went further; sometimes alone there she swayed and revolved in the movements of the only dance she knew; or vaguely improvising, evolved novel postures, curiously satisfying to her instinctive sense of grace. The effect upon her of this visit to East Harbor was profound.

The third event which lifted, as it were, the curtain on her womanhood, occurred in her nineteenth year. She had met young men in East Harbor, and danced with them, without finding in their eyes, in their countenances or in their names anything to remember. But one day, driving to Fraternity with Dave, she passed on the road and saw for the first time young Bob Holder—whom she had known all her life.

THE Holder farm ran along with Beard's on the side toward the village; and Bob was the oldest of the two Holder boys. He and Jennie had been in school together for half a dozen years; he had come to the Beard farm for three or four summers to help with the haying, just as Dave went to Holder's to return the service.

He was a quiet young man with a meditative eye, tall and strong and ruddy; and he had always been afraid of Jennie, who was so silent, so reluctant to enter into the games at school, so withdrawn and remote and inaccessible at all times. Jennie had seen him year after year; but this day she *saw* him for the first time.

Bob was walking toward his father's farm along the road, so that they met him face to face. He had a brush scythe on his shoulder. He wore a blue and white checked cotton shirt, open at the neck; his patched and weather-faded trousers were tightly belted about his slim waist; an old and shapeless felt hat covered his head. She had seen him thus so often before.

But when they came face to face, his eyes met hers; and though this, too, had happened in the past, the effect in this instance was tangible and overwhelming. The eyes of most people whom we meet casually present a surface only; in Bob's eyes Jennie abruptly perceived depth. It had never occurred to her that they had this third dimension; the revelation made her cheeks hot. Her own eyes were reluctantly withdrawn, but when they drove on she could still close her lids and see the deeps of his eyes, and her heart was tremulous thereafter.

Bob himself must have felt some such significance in this encounter, for, though he had never particularly sought her out before, he now began to do so. A day later he came to the house on some errand which might have been avoided. On Sunday he drove past in the light buggy he sometimes used, and from the kitchen door she met his eyes again.

A few days afterward, bound for East Harbor, he stopped to ask what errands he might do for them; and one morning while they were at breakfast, he appeared at the door with a half a dozen pickerel, taken at dawn in the little pond toward the Mountain.

One day—she could not guess how often he had lain in wait for such an opportunity—he encountered her by apparent chance in the berry thicket below the orchard and they talked together, in slow syllables, with long silences between. And once upon a moonlit night when something drew her out of doors and she walked a little way along the road through the notch beside the Mountain, he overtook her again, and walked with her, and came home with her, parting with low-voiced farewell at the roadside.

Some months later—an interval dotted with these occasional moments of companionship—he asked her if she would go with him to an approaching dance.

Jennie said perhaps she would.

THERE is often among those who dwell amid lovely scenes a curious insensibility to beauty. That this was the case with Dave Beard the very arrangement of his farm buildings gave evidence. His farm lay, as has been said, at the foot of the Mountain and separated from the base of the cliffs by the little round pond in the wood lot across the road. Squarely between his house and the pond, Beard had recently erected a new barn, glaringly yellow against a background of green slopes, which did much to hide the rugged beauty of the precipitous northwestern end of the Mountain itself.

Only the bald knob at the crest could be seen from the dooryard, peering down over the ridgepole of the new barn. It was as though Beard had definitely and with intent sought to shut out the Mountain from his narrow premises; as though in some vague way he dreaded its espionage.

The chicken house, upon whose roof this day he was at work, was attached to the old barn behind the house; yet even from his perch upon its slope he had a considerable view along the valley, and this prospect was not undeserving of a glance now and then. But Beard kept at his work, putting into it some of that ruthless energy which characterized everything he did.

When there was a roofing nail to be driven home, one stroke of the hammer sufficed; when there was tar to be applied, the bit of shingle which Beard was using for the purpose left a broad, decisive ribbon of the viscous stuff. When he had occasion to cut off a length of roofing felt, he did so with a single movement of his knife, ripping through into the soft wood below. He seldom raised his eyes. The sun, beginning now to droop toward the western horizon, fell full upon him warmly; and the black roof collected the heat till perspiration dropped from his brow into the tar.

This was one of those cloudless and serene days when it is difficult to imagine the discord of rain or storm; the weather had been settled warm and fair for a week past, and the nights were glorified by the radiance of a moon which had been waxing and was now just past its apogee. Beard approved such kindly weather and made the most of it; his concentrated energy accomplished an astounding number of tasks, and this afternoon his progress was swift.

But there were momentary pauses in his work; and in one of these pauses it happened that he lifted his eyes to the brow of the Mountain, rising above the ridge of the new barn across the road. When he did so, upon the bald shoulder of the ridge where the blueberries grew, he saw a bit of color, moving there.

Beard's eyes were keen, and they fastened upon this distant speck intently. It ceased to move; he thought he had been deceived; and then it moved again. He perceived that it represented a (*Continued on page 30*)

Will his hair be there—
and will you be as fair—
at 40?

WHETHER he is your husband or husband-to-be, his hair has much to do with your happiness. Because you will be happier at 40 if he is still handsome—and he can't be handsome if he is bald. Settle this now. Say to him:

"Please don't get bald. Nothing will put hair back on your head, but you can *keep* it by proper care. And I know how.

"I spend lots of time and thought on my hair for your sake. I try hard to *keep* it and keep it *attractive*. You have often said you loved my tresses, and I have tried to deserve that compliment.

"Why don't you do as I do? You're welcome to my Wildroot Hair Tonic. Just rub some into your scalp every other morning or so. And after you shampoo, put some on your hair.

"If we both do this, then at 40 you will still think my hair attractive, and I will be prouder of you because you will be less likely to be bald."

* * * *

If you do not happen to have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic in your boudoir, get a bottle from your druggist, and see that the whole family uses it regularly to *keep* their hair and to keep it attractive.
Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

The Mountain

Continued from page 29

human figure. Someone was picking the berries.

Now, Beard was habitually jealous in his guardianship of all his possessions, and the fact that the patch of blueberries was so remote and offered such an easy field for pilferers made him particularly choleric where they were concerned. It is difficult in any rural community to establish the right of property in berries. They grow for the most part in waste lands, and those who find them, pick them.

But Beard was not willing to submit to this state of affairs; he had put up a sign to warn trespassers away, and he intended to enforce that warning. With a half-spoken exclamation of anger he descended from the roof of the chicken house and went toward the house. Mrs. Beard was in the kitchen and he caught a glimpse of Jennie disappearing into the stair hall.

Mrs. Beard saw his expression and asked quickly:

"What's the matter, Dave?"

He shook his head, silencing her, and went to the corner by the door and picked up the thirty-thirty rifle which always stood there, loaded and ready for use. Beard was an unusually good shot, and the rifle accounted in the course of a year for an astonishing number of crows, hawks, red squirrels, and such vermin.

Once or twice Mrs. Beard had protested at his use of the weapon, suggesting that the far-flying projectiles might do an injury he did not intend; but Beard, with characteristic assurance, laughed at her suggestions and continued to fire the rifle whenever a target offered.

Without explanation to Mrs. Beard, he now took this weapon, made sure it was loaded, and went out into the yard. He could still discover something moving atop the Mountain, and he crossed the road and went past the new barn and sprawled on a bank under an ancient apple tree there, cuddling the rifle against his cheek as he lifted the muzzle toward the mountaintop.

He had of course no intention of shooting at the person there. Some boy, no doubt, foraging among the berries as boys had done in the past. Whoever it was must have seen his warning sign, must know he was trespassing. Well, he would accent the warning and make his meaning more clear. A tall bowlder lifted its head thirty or forty feet to the right of the spot where the figure was still visible; and he put his elevated sights on this bowlder, settled the rifle steadily, and pressed the trigger.

Immediately after the report he lifted his head a little to watch; and after an interval long enough to permit the flight of the bullet to carry it to the mountain top, he saw the bit of color there suddenly move to one side and disappear.

At this result Beard chuckled. Scared off that thief, quickly enough, he told himself. Well, a few lessons of the sort and people would leave his berries alone. He watched for a few minutes to see the figure reappear, but saw nothing. The shoulder of the mountain furnished cover behind which the marauder had no doubt crawled away.

IT OCCURRED to Beard as possible that, thus concealed, the thief might be crawling among the low bushes, persisting in his thievery, and he sent two or three more bullets singing up the mountain, aiming short so that they would hit below the knob and ricochet and sing appallingly across the crest.

Eventually he rose and crossed the road again and went into the house and began to clean the rifle with that scrupulous care he gave to all the farm equipment. Mrs. Beard asked: "What were you shooting at?"

"Somebody stealing the blueberries," he explained. "I drove them away."

She eyed him a little fearfully. "You didn't shoot at them, Dave?" she asked.

He shook his head impatiently. "Just scared them," he assured her in an intolerant tone. "I don't aim to have the boys get all the berries this year. Guess they won't bother again. You and Jennie better start picking right away, though."

She nodded. "We'll get at it," she promised, and added unhappily: "I'm always so scared when you shoot that gun."

"I didn't shoot at anybody," he protested. "What's the use of being foolish? I shot at that old bowlder."

"You might miss it."

He laughed at the suggestion. The accuracy of his marksmanship was a matter of common repute; the suggestion that he should miss was absurd. Nevertheless, while he finished cleaning the rifle, and reloaded it from a box of cartridges on the cupboard shelf, and put it in place behind the door, his wife's suggestion nagged at him. There had been something unnaturally abrupt in the swift disappearance of that figure on the mountain top. It returned to his mental vision to disturb him. He had to exercise the authority of his will to put this faint misgiving aside.

JENNIE had told Bob Holder that perhaps she would go to the dance with him. Her intention did not shape itself into a determination; nevertheless the matter stayed in her thoughts, and eventually she spoke of the possibility to her mother.

Mrs. Beard, instantly curious, would have questioned Jennie; wished to know when she had seen Bob; whether she liked him; what he had said. But she discovered in Jennie a remote impregnability; got nothing tangible by way of answer to her inquiries.

She had begun, during these later years, to be a little afraid of her daughter; Jennie was so serene and still and sure. So Mrs. Beard gave over her questioning now, and said she thought it would be very nice for Jennie to accept Bob's invitation.

This had at once raised the question of clothes. Jennie had two or three washable dresses which she wore in the summertime; she had heavier garments for colder weather, but she had nothing which might be considered festive.

Mrs. Beard, who had begun to perceive that her daughter was beautiful, wished to adorn her. They did not at the time discuss what Dave's attitude would be, though this question must have been near the surface in both of their minds. Instead they proceeded with their preparations, conspiring in silence, postponing the issue and meanwhile making ready as though he had already given his consent.

Mrs. Beard had put away, some years before, a length of flowered muslin which she had bought herself and never used; she got this out now, and the two women worked together, designing and creating a dress for Jennie to wear.

But a dress alone was not enough. There must be suitable footwear, and Jennie's shoes were bought for practical utility, not for adornment. Mrs. Beard, after many doubts and fears, and without consulting Dave, at last wrote to East Harbor for a pair.

It was the arrival of this parcel which revealed to Beard what was brewing. His farm was so remote from the village that his mail came to his box beside the road. This afternoon, when he had gone back with tar and paper and nails upon the roof of the chicken house, he saw the postman drive up out of the notch road and stop by the box; and he got down and went to meet the man and received the carton in which the slippers were packed. It was addressed to Mrs. Beard, but he looked at it in some surprise, and then tore off the wrappings and discovered the contents.

His first reaction was confusion and curiosity, but even before he reached the kitchen door he was beginning to be angry. Beard's wits were keen enough; the appearance of these slippers was sufficiently out of the ordinary to make clear to him that they were not designed for household use. He entered the kitchen, confronting mother and daughter there, the slippers in his hand, and he held them out accusingly.

"What are these for?" he asked.

Mrs. Beard shrank a little and her cheeks paled and she looked at Jennie for support; but Jennie only watched her father, still and unmoved, so that Mrs. Beard was forced to answer him.

She told him—while he stood in accusing silence, listening to her flurried explanation—that Bob Holder wanted Jennie to go to a dance with him, that Jennie wanted to go, that these were dancing slippers.

He was silent for so long that Mrs. Beard began to hope he would yield, and with a faint notion of touching his pride she produced the dress, now almost done, and held it up for him to admire.

Beard shook his head angrily at that. He had known for longer than his wife herself that Jennie was beautiful and had been proud of it, and had waited and wondered a little, almost disappointed that she attracted no attention to herself from the younger men of the neighborhood. If they had consulted him about this matter in the beginning, he might have been more complaisant.

But now the obvious terror of his wife, the fact that Jennie refused to add her pleadings to those of her mother, and the crowning circumstance that they had been so afraid of him that they had made a secret of their preparations, combined to make him ashamed of himself—and therefore angry at them. He swept the flimsy garment out of his wife's hands with a gesture so brutally rough and swift that before she could release her hold upon one of the sleeves, the light material was torn. Also, his hands were soiled with tar. Yet ruthlessly he bundled the dress into a wad.

"You've too much to do to waste time on such stuff," he said roughly. "You should need no telling that." He tossed the crumpled muslin roughly from him into the wood box beside the stove.

"We've done everything," Mrs. Beard persisted faintly. "You've no complaint, Dave."

"It's time the berries were picked," he retorted. "No need my telling you that. Forget foolishness, and get about it to-morrow morning."

Jennie, with a stony face, rose and took up her ruined dress and spread it on her arm. Then, with a quick movement and before her mother could intervene, she had lifted a lid off the stove and begun to cram the dress in upon the fire. Mrs. Beard cried out softly—would have run toward her. But Dave caught his wife's arm.

"Leave her be," he directed. "Jennie's a sensible girl. And send them slippers back by the morning's mail."

MRS. BEARD was watching her daughter's countenance, and her own heart was crushed by what she saw. But Jennie made no sign that she had heard. The lid of the stove in her hand, she watched the muslin char and smoke and burst into flame. With a stick of wood she pushed it down into the firebox; and when it was all afire she replaced the lid. Her eyes met those of her father for a moment, and then, serenely and without a word, she crossed to the door that led to the stair and disappeared. Dave watched her go, more distressed than he was willing to admit even to himself. It is possible that already he regretted what he had done. He stood unmoving for a pace, his eyes fixed, saying no word: but Mrs. Beard broke the long silence at the moment when he was about to go out into the yard again.

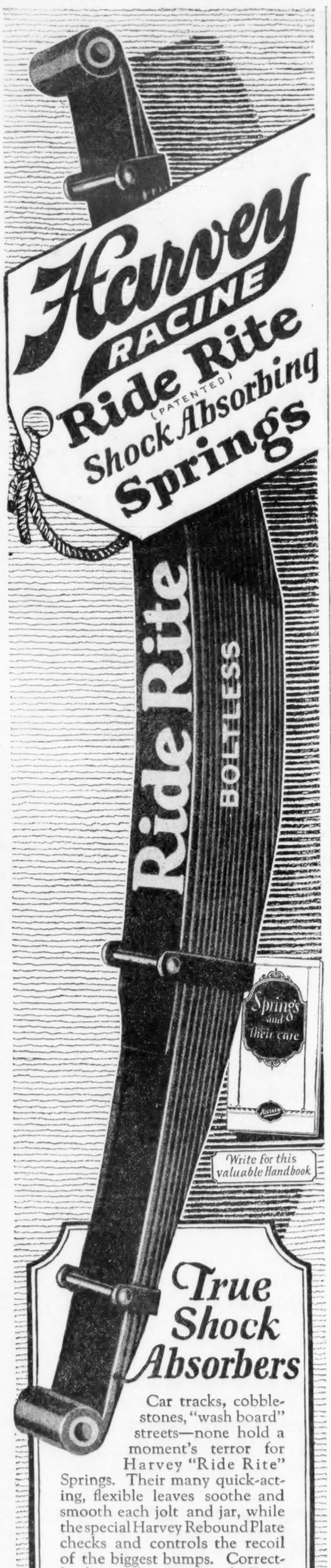
"Dave," she said uncertainly; and when he looked toward her, she went bravely on: "I wish you'd let Jennie go to this dance."

"She don't know how to dance," he said sullenly.

"Yes, she does," Mrs. Beard insisted. "She learned in East Harbor, that time. But she ain't had a chance to dance since then."

"That's what she went to East Harbor for, was it? All that talk about visiting her aunt—"

"She just happened to learn to dance," his wife argued weakly.



Car tracks, cobblestones, "wash board" streets—none hold a moment's terror for Harvey "Ride Rite" Springs. Their many quick-acting, flexible leaves soothe and smooth each jolt and jar, while the special Harvey Rebound Plate checks and controls the recoil of the biggest bumps. Correctly designed—guaranteed. True shock absorbers—no other device needed for riding comfort.

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"How'd she happen to be asked to this one?"

"He'd seen her a few times, at the village," Mrs. Beard confessed. "And she saw him fishing in the pond one day, when she went down there to sit and read."

"She reads too much," Beard exclaimed impatiently. "She's got work to do here to home."

"But Dave," his wife persisted, with a temerity which did her credit, "you don't want her not to know people her own age. Bob's a nice boy. You want her to get married some time, don't you?"

His nerves, jangled by her insistence and his own smothered reproaches, flared into a hoarse cry. "No! None of that," he cried. He flung up his hands. "Be still," he bade. "I'm telling you, she's not to go."

"Dave!" she begged.

Her very persistence goaded him into a mood of obstinate insistence; and there was an angry finality in his tone against which she could not fight. "No!" he cried again. "She's not to go!"

DAVE, after his final word to Mrs. Beard, went out to finish the chores. The afternoon was drawing toward its end, the sun was already so low in the western sky that the distant hills were cloaked in purple and along the slopes of the Mountain every tree top had a pit of deep blue shadow at its back. There was a still glory about the day. The sky, cloudless since morning, was cloudless still; in a little while stars would prick their way through the blue curtain there. The heat of midday was giving way to a pleasant coolness, and though no air stirred, yet the dewy moisture of the coming evening already cooled the skin.

Nevertheless, Dave Beard found himself uneasy and disturbed. He was proud of Jennie and loved her; he had a vague feeling that he had been tricked into opposing this dear desire of hers. Her silence and her refusal to entreat him had irked him; he might have yielded had she pleaded, for in this yielding there would have been salve to his vanity. But she had not pleaded; had accepted and enforced the very brutality of his negative, and then withdrawn with quiet dignity to her room.

His thoughts now brought back the picture of her as she disappeared through the doorway into the darker stair hall. So tall and slim and fine. . . . He muttered angrily, and the cow he was milking stirred and pulled away from him, so that he realized his mood had been reflected in the touch of his fingers, and tried to control himself.

He sought for a while to justify his own position, to assure himself that Jennie was too young for such frivolities, that Bob Holder was a scamp and as indolent as his father. But the fact that Bob was potently neither a scamp nor indolent compelled itself upon him, and he tried to find contentment in the repeated assertion that Jennie was too young.

But in the end he was driven back to the truth—that he had been angry because they had not confided in him in advance. Had they done so, he might have taken pleasure in sending to East Harbor for pretty things for Jennie to wear. She had always been a good girl, working hard, uncomplaining; she deserved something of him. But they might have trusted him to understand, might have let him share their plans. He pitied himself, fought free of this emotion and nursed his anger again.

It became necessary for him to escape from his own reflections; he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind and turn his thoughts into a new channel. Thus it happened that he reverted to the incident of an hour before, when he had shot to affright the thief upon the mountain top. His uneasy distress resultant from the scene with his wife and daughter transferred itself to this incident. He remembered how abruptly the distant figure had dropped at his shot, and wondered whether the movement had indeed been simply one of flight. There had seemed an abrupt and startled energy in it; something unusual and out of the ordinary scheme of things.

He tried to analyze this impression; put his qualms aside and sought to revive his satisfaction in the fact that he had defended his possessions. But his uneasiness persisted. Before his chores were done, the definite wonder had formed in his mind whether by any ill chance his bullet had been deflected, had found a target at which he had not aimed. Suddenly and quite vividly he had a mental picture of a little boy, hurt and helpless and alone upon the remote mountain top. And night was coming down.

AT THE supper table he was as silent as Jennie and her mother were. They served him without words, brought the heaping dishes of vegetables to set before him, put a slice of pie on his plate, passed him the covered glass dish full of cheese. He ate with steady energy, not voraciously, yet with curious persistence—ate an astonishing amount.

After supper he rose from the table and filled and lighted his pipe and went out into the yard. His chores were done, and when the women should have washed the dishes, in the ordinary course of events they would all have gone to bed. Usually he was sleepy and ready for bed, but to-night his uneasiness persisted, and his eyes continually turned toward the Mountain, which stood black against the sky across the road. The moon must have risen; he could see its illumination in the heavens behind the Mountain, although it had not yet lifted above the high ridge.

He fonnd himself walking slowly down the road, away from the farm, toward where a trail broke in around the pond toward the foot of the slope. Not till he came to the opening of this trail did he realize that he had decided to ascend the Mountain.

(*To be continued next week*)

A Man Will Fight

Continued from page 12

he dipped the blade, and the dugout crawled drunkenly into the current.

Cameron had the steering paddle. He grasped it with both hands, and the rain sprayed on his stretched knuckles. His lower lip was caught in his teeth, and a drop of blood perpetually hung, trickled, and was washed away. Yet, for his agony of effort, there seemed no result; the dugout swung, yawed, and fell away before the oily flood. He leaned forward, screaming at Armstrong.

"Paddle, you muddy missionary!"

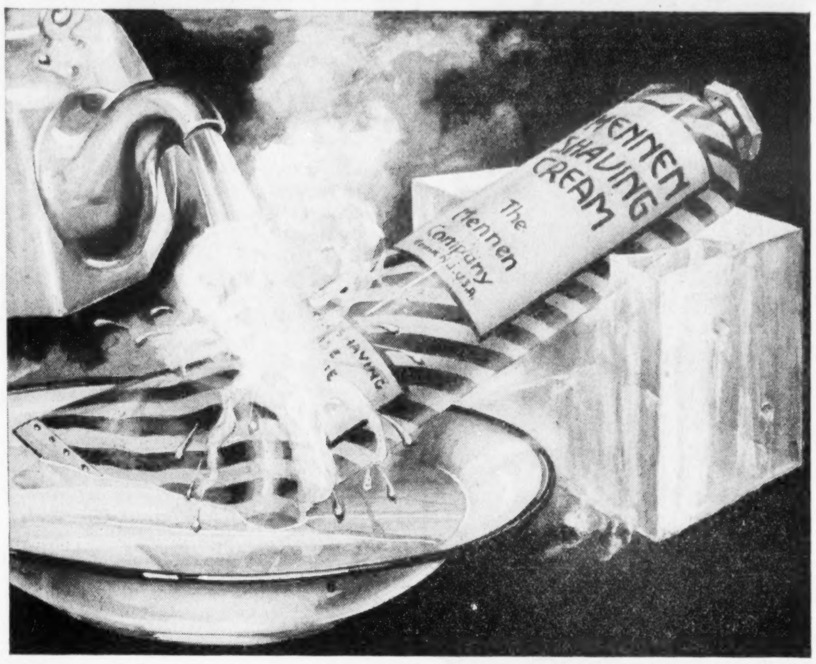
Groaning, Armstrong drove in his paddle; he felt as if he were driving a shovel into earth. His arms quivered. The dugout gained a little. Cameron shouted: "It'll be easier once we're round the bend."

Armstrong looked at nothing but a clumsily calked crack in the side of the dugout; the whole crazy thing must be seeping water, but he could not see it for the wash of the rain. Yellow water slopped back and forth. The bitter weight of the river, wrinkled with rain, poured to meet him. And somewhere up there was Jean! . . .

The river slid past. The trees backed foot by foot. He sunk his chin, and paddled, paddled, paddled. He did not look up again until Cameron flung a tin and said: "Bail! I'll hold her."

The steering paddle beat the water furiously, like the tail of a wounded fish. Armstrong leaned forward and bailed. The tin was small and had a hole. He was obliged to keep his thumb over the hole. The water ran from side to side as Cameron waggled the dugout against the stream. He calculated the wash of the leakage with an absurd

(*Continued on page 32*)



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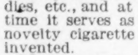

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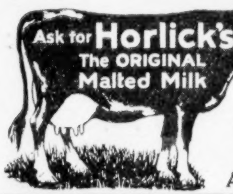

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A Man Will Fight

Continued from page 31

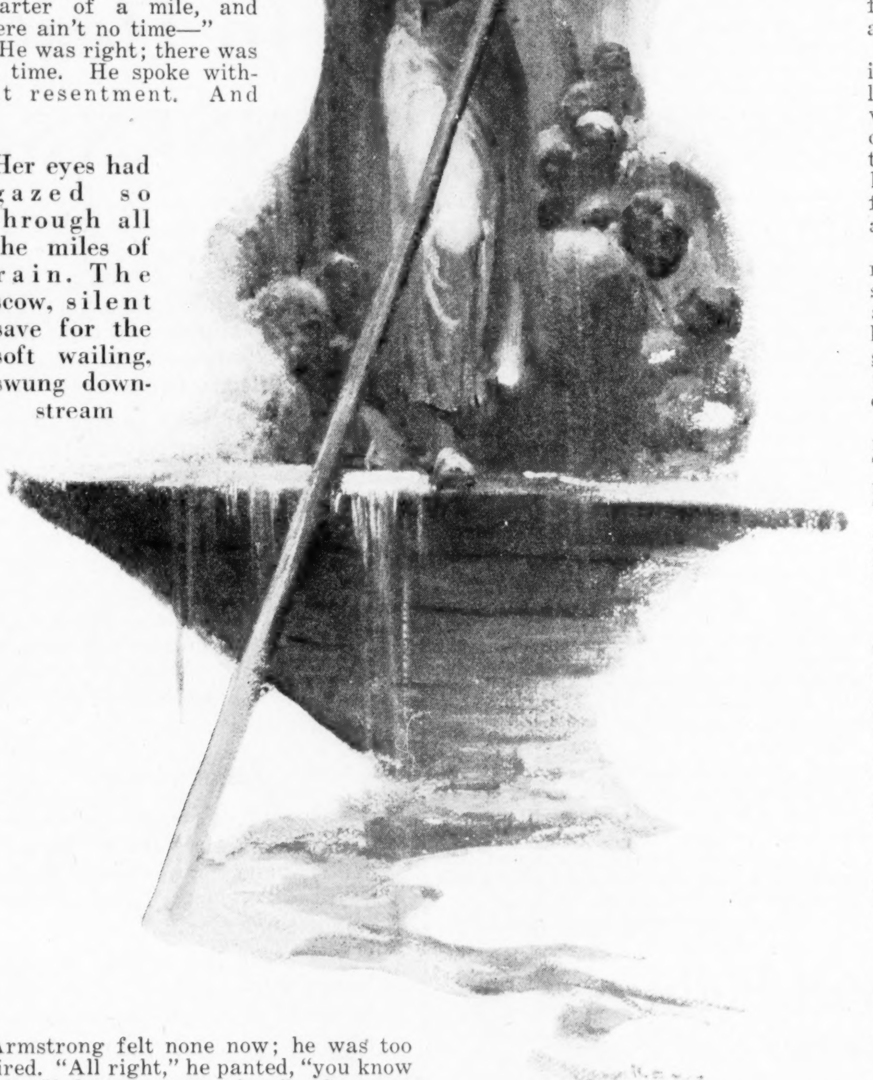
mental effort and made swoops and scoops at the deepest places.

Missing a scoop, he realized that the dugout no longer waggled. It was still sliding downstream. He glanced swiftly back under his arm. Cameron was leaning forward, poised ready to strike. . . .

Armstrong kicked backward on the instant. His heel caught Cameron in the chest. The paddle slipped by harmlessly, and Cameron went down, his head on the gunwale. Armstrong turned and fell on him. He heard Cameron whining like a child: "It's *my* boat!" He had nothing to say. They struggled, and the dugout spun like a shell downstream. Armstrong, with an immense effect of reason, of patience outraged, felt that he could not be hindered any longer. He would kill Cameron and be done with it. You always killed annoying people in dreams. He reached for the cocoa tin.

CAMERON went limp suddenly, and lay staring, his red eyes blinded with rain. "Hinder?" he whined. "Who's hindering now? Le' me get up. I give you best. You've lost a quarter of a mile, and there ain't no time—"

He was right; there was no time. He spoke without resentment. And Armstrong felt none now; he was too tired. "All right," he panted, "you know what'll happen next time." Cameron went back to his steering paddle.



Her eyes had gazed so through all the miles of rain. The scow, silent save for the soft wailing, swung downstream

They went ahead again. The flood was broader here, the current easier. The banks were invisible in rain. There was no wreckage; it had all been washed away earlier. There was nothing with which to measure the speed of the dugout. They moved in a circle of gliding yellow water, walled in with gray rain. Rain hid alike the upper river and the lower. Once only the haft of a broken spear slid out as from beneath a curtain, passed them and vanished astern.

"A spear," groaned Armstrong, "A spear. . . ."

"Only a fishing spear," snarled Cameron from the stern.

Armstrong began to be very cold, to watch for other floating things. Faces, perhaps. A floating face, not black, and a tress of bright hair, yielded to the rain and river. For no man could see upriver for the rain. It would come very swiftly, and pass the laboring dugout like a leaf—silent. Sickening in soul and body, his thought fell into the ruts of long habit. But he did not know he spoke aloud till Cameron whined in an injured voice: "I've given you best. There's no call to add psalms to it."

Twice they stopped to bail, and yet the rotten dugout sank lower and lower in the water as the calks yielded. There was nothing to stop the leaks with. The third time they stopped, Cameron ripped off his shirt and stuffed bits of it into this crack and the other, the rain spreading like a skin of glass on his stringy shoulders. Armstrong wished that he'd thought to do it.

They changed places, Armstrong taking the steering paddle. In front of him Cameron's bare, lean back writhed and twisted as he fought against the river. And they seemed to make no progress. They seemed to be forever sweeping down with the flood. How far had they come? They could not tell. Even M'saba Cameron could not tell. The rain shut them away from the world.

The fourth time they stopped to bail, the same thought was in each man's mind. The waterlogged boat rolled beneath them. They went on, but a ton weight tugged at the paddle blades, and suddenly Cameron bent forward over his. The yellow tide poured past swifter. His ribs rose and fell in sickening jerks. His lips were bluish under his disreputable mustache as he turned and gasped: "I'm done! . . ." Armstrong changed places once more.

They changed places after that every fifteen minutes, losing a few yards each time. Foot by foot, bought with effort incredible, the dugout fought forward against the flood. But Armstrong was growing weak. All his strength went simply to hold the rotten boat where she was—the time came when they gained by inches only. And they could see nothing but the rain.

"It's no use! We can't do it! We can't see through!"

The exceeding bitter cry cry was his own. "Jean!" he cried. "Jean!" He raved at the river, he cursed it as Cameron had cursed him under the trees. He strove to tear the veils of rain with his hands, so that he might see. If only he could see—see that floating face before it went past and was lost, and was lost in the rain!" . . .

His voice ran up at last, and broke in a note that cut through even the rain like a sword through blinding silk. He was quiet, dipping the paddle in and out mechanically, and shaking as though he would shake the soul out of his hands, so that he might see. If forward, put his wiry arms round him, and said: "Listen, listen!"

Behind the voices of the rain and the river, united as silence, an innumerable soft crying answered Armstrong, sad as the crying of birds, and as little human. A shadow hung in the rain; grew to the bow of a boat—a big scow, used for carrying wood to Falasa—coming down on the flood unsteered.

It was crowded with people—wounded men, old men, women, little children. They huddled close to the wood, inert as rags—black rags; immensely weary. The rain beat on them, and they wailed softly, ceaselessly; an elemental complaint to something that might be behind the rain.

A SMALL square-shouldered white woman, bare-headed, her yellow hair washed close to her skull like a silk hood, stood in the bow with a pole. In her erectness and silence she seemed to tower above the others. Her eyes met Armstrong's. He thought stupidly that her eyes had been gazing so into his for a long time, from far away, through all the miles of rain.

The scow, silent save for the soft wailing, swung down; the dugout surged toward it. Cameron was stuttering: "There she is; there she is; curse her yellow hide! . . ."

They caught the side of the scow; the dugout was carried back with it—downstream. No need to go to Falasa now; all that was left of Falasa was in the scow.

Cameron, still clinging to the side, was wildly abusing in some lingua-franca a yellow wisp of a girl whimpering in the bow. Armstrong noticed so much; then all recollection of M'saba Cameron's existence went from him.

He heaved himself on board the scow with a great effort, in silence. The little woman said, in a tired voice: "I thought we should meet you somewhere. Everything's gone. . . ."

But he hardly heard her. Death, war, destruction—these things were; but God was still in His heaven, and all was right with love's world.

"Jean," he stammered, "Jean—" His tongue was heavy in his mouth, he was utterly spent. He held her by her small thin arms. Mighty emotions tore at his heart.

"Jean," he whispered huskily, "for why did you leave without your waterproof?"

RADIO

BY JACK BINNS

THE most important thing in radio reception is the electromotive force, or voltage, applied to the set. It is the same as the mainspring in a watch. Without it the works will not go. It is just as necessary to have upward of 100 volts pressure in the plate circuit of amplifiers as it is to have a mainspring of certain temper and length in a watch. The 6-volt storage battery, or the dry cells, which are used to light the filaments of the tubes can be compared to the hairspring of the watch.

Ever since the vacuum tube was invented, scientists have sought a substitute for batteries. Up to the present the high voltages needed have been obtained from little dry cells manufactured in blocks.

Why not tap into the electric-light socket for this voltage? That seems to be the obvious question. It has puzzled every newly initiated radio fan. The answer is very simple. Radio receivers are very sensitive instruments. This is especially true of the audio frequency portion. Every fluctuation of current, which is at a frequency corresponding to any audible vibration, will be amplified. Most houses nowadays are supplied with alternating current. This is usually operated at a frequency of sixty cycles per second. In a loud speaker such a frequency would sound like a low-pitched rattle. It would destroy both speech and music.

Ah, if that's the case, why not use direct-current mains where they are available? Great thought! Here again we are doomed to disappointment. The dynamo in operation has brushes which make contact on the commutator as it revolves. The result: A perpetual ripple in the 110- or 220-volt mains. This sounds anything but pretty in a loud speaker.

Use of Lighting Circuits

DESPITE these drawbacks, which appear almost insurmountable, experimenters in the big laboratories have labored incessantly to devise means which will permit the lighting circuits to be used. They have done this even though they knew that under certain circumstances it would be dangerous to couple the lighting mains to the set.

The trouble with practically all of this experimental work, however, lies in the fact that it has proceeded along wrong lines. In other words, the solution has been sought in the direction indicated by the textbooks. The latter have always shown that for alternating current, rectifiers are necessary to convert the power into direct pulsating current, and filters to smooth out the fluctuations. Direct-current ripples are "ironed" out by similar filters.

The trouble with any such system is that the filters have to be designed for each particular electric main, in order to smooth out the fluctuations that are characteristic to it.

R. E. Sabin Solved It

AS IN every other line of endeavor, it is oftentimes the man from the outside who sees the obvious solution of a problem. The reason is that he gets a better perspective of the entire situation, and, his mind being free from any preconceived ideas, quickly senses the right thing to be done.

The utilization of the electric-light service as a means of supplying power to radio sets has been solved in principle. The detail work is only a matter of steady and persistent development. The solution was arrived at by a chemical engineer—R. E. Sabin.

He approached the situation from an entirely new angle, and his invention is as simple as it is effective. Instead of attempting to apply the electric power direct to the radio set, he reasoned as follows: "Why not use the power from the mains to produce other power needed to operate the set? By doing this it will not be necessary to endanger the radio receiver by connecting it directly into the electric light system."

Being a chemical engineer, he sought the answer to this question from a source different from that for which the electrical engineer would have looked. After some thought he finally hit on the idea. Why not use thermal electricity?

Thermal Electricity

"WHAT is thermal electricity?" you may well ask. Well, in principle it is this: If we take two dissimilar elements such as antimony and bismuth, join them together, and then apply heat at their juncture, the effect of the heat will be to produce an electric current. This is very evident if we join an electric circuit to the two elements, and put a measuring device in the circuit. The elements joined together in the above manner are known as thermocouples or thermopiles.

Now, what Mr. Sabin has done in his laboratory work is to devise efficient heating coils, and better thermocouples than were previously available. He uses the electric light mains to heat his coils. It doesn't matter whether those mains supply direct or alternating current. Neither does it matter how much they fluctuate, as long as their general average voltage remains constant. The job of the current is simply to heat the coils. These in turn apply heat to the thermocouples.

The thermocouples in the device, when heated, produce a steady direct current which can be used to light the filaments of the tubes; to supply the necessary B voltage for plate circuits, or the C biasing voltage for the grids. The device is unquestionably the first universal system for supplying all the power required by radio sets from the house current. The laboratory models that have so far been produced are very rugged and steady in operation. The heat generated is neither excessive nor dangerous.

A Tip for "Your Own"

HERE'S a tip for the "make your own" fan. Never use any of the messy soldering pastes. This is quite important. It may cause a lot of noises in your reception. The only material to use is rosin. Suitable strip solder can be obtained with a rosin core which makes the task of soldering a simple one. When the job is completed be sure that you have a real electric joint. The juncture should be strong enough to resist considerable mechanical strain.

Turn the Dials Slowly

REMEMBER, a radio set is the acme of sensitivity. A hairbreadth divides clarity from distortion. Turn the tuning dials as slowly as you possibly can. When you listen for distant stations you may put your set in a more sensitive condition than you do for the locals. This means that you can turn on a little more current to the vacuum-tube filaments, but don't overdo it.

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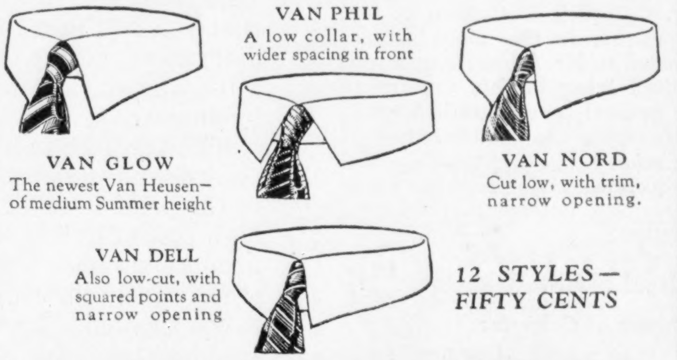

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Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

BETWEEN THE COW and your breakfast table, assuming that you live in a town, are the milk producer, who is the dairyman, and the distributor, which is the company whose milk wagon stops at your door along about 7 A. M. The business used to be snugly in the distributing company's hands; the dairyman sold his milk at such price as the company found it necessary to pay him, without much regard to the price it asked of you. Along came the war and the high cost of living, whereupon some of the dairymen whose product supplies New York City, as well as dairymen in other widely distributed localities, resorted in self-defense to coöperation. Now it is here to stay and is gaining ground. Besides stabilizing the prices that the dairymen receive, it has to deal with the problem of the "fluid milk surplus." Cows give more milk in summer than in winter, but the consumption in the cities and towns doesn't fluctuate accordingly, and the summer excess is used in manufactures—unless somebody tries to use part of it to break down the coöperating dairymen's arrangement.

All this means a new, vital factor in an industry of great importance in the lives of every one of us. At Vancouver coöperation is perfected to advantage all around. At New York City, where a dairymen's league has established itself, things are still in the warfare stage—and (as Mr. G. L. Teeple, telling the whole story in this issue, says) everybody, including the consumer, is paying the piper. Sooner or later the coöperative movement will reach your town, if it hasn't already done so. In either case you can hardly know too much about it.

VERY interesting discussions of the McCulloch-Gompers debate in Collier's are still coming in. Mr. Campbell McCulloch, it will be remembered, is the manufacturer who appealed to Mr. Gompers as leader of organized labor in this country to meet the general need of skilled workmen by favoring the establishment of training schools by the unions. Mr. Gompers declined, giving reasons. Three of the resulting letters from Collier's readers follow:

Is Real Skill to Die Out?

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have yet to read Mr. Gompers' reply to Mr. Campbell McCulloch's open letter to him, published in Collier's, but whether he assents to the subject of Mr. McCulloch's appeal or not, the fact will remain that unless something is accomplished in the near future to train and educate young men along the lines of mechanical endeavor there will be a most serious problem to be faced by manufacturers, contractors, and producers of all life's necessities. Therefore I support in principle any movement which may tend to relieve the situation.

For years I have dreamed of a school of the nature Mr. McCulloch's letter suggests. That you may understand that I know whereof I speak, I will say that I am an architect by profession, and for the past thirty years have been connected with a branch of the U. S. Government, as an architectural draftsman and superintendent of construction.

I served a four years' apprenticeship at carpentry and joinery, spent one year while attending school abroad in observation of the stonecutting and bricklaying trades, and have given considerable time to the design and execution of interior decoration, furniture, and stained glass. For the past ten years or more I have found that competent and efficient workers in every line are becoming fewer and fewer, and that whenever a particularly skilled man is required one must seek among those of about two generations past, men who learned their trades serving an apprenticeship some forty years ago.

I sincerely trust Mr. McCulloch's appeal may bear fruit but I fear the result, for from my observation there are few trades unionists who are very strong for either an apprentice system or for trade schools.

JULIEN YOUNG,
Spartansburg, S. C.

He Doesn't Believe Mr. Gompers

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mr. Gompers says in Collier's that he objects to the establishment of industrial training schools under union auspices because he does not want to "mold the youth of the land after a predetermined pattern," also that his "whole bent is toward giving each individual the largest freedom in regard to all life's decisions and undertakings." These statements need no comment, if one is familiar with the union policies in the United States.

Another statement of Mr. Gompers' which I think fit for a joke book is his reference to the labor movement as responsible for the public schools of the United States. One of the first things that the settlers of the New England states did when they arrived in this country was to establish free schools, and the success of the United States has been very largely because of the free-school foundation laid by our ancestors. There certainly was no labor movement at that time, no labor unions, no Mr. Gompers dictating to the people as to how they should work or for whom. As a matter of fact I believe that the labor unions have been fighting those public schools where it was proposed to include vocational training courses leading to qualification for the trades.

CARL R. BRADT,
Detroit, Mich.

A Basis for a New Religion

To the Editor of Collier's:

While still under the spell of Mr. McCulloch's "Open Letter," I wish to voice my appreciation of his noble purposes. We need a new religion based upon a belief in that "great law of equalization, an immutable statute of fundamental justice which unerringly and inevitably through the ages brings all inequalities to a common level." Do you believe that an analysis of the question of what may an individual rightfully own help to lay the foundations of a just social relationship among men? Would capital help lay this foundation?

G. A. BOYD,
Colorado Springs, Col.

A Job of Admonition

To the Editor of Collier's:

Will you please tell me why the word *job* occurs so frequently in your columns? Is it Collier's favorite word? How many synonyms has the word *job?*

"Are You Happy at Your *Job?*" What man, in your estimation, is best fitted for the *job* of President of the United States? Please to tell me the name of the man who has the *job* as president of your company. What kind of a *job* do you think "Paradise Lost" is?

Perhaps *job* is what a psychologist might term as a shock word. Certainly the newspaper is a great educator. Collier's has class but it might use better diction.

N. BRUCE MILLER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tut, tut, Mr. Miller! "Collier's has *class*"—? We trust so; but in using a colloquialism of that sort, do you not descend to Collier's own level in diction?

"John Dixon, My Joe, John"

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am sorry about Joe—Joe Dixon, I mean—who masqueraded in "Spring Styles In Presidents" under the beloved name of John. I have known Joe Dixon for years, since long before he became governor of Montana. And I was just as much surprised as he must have been to learn—on my return from a 20,000-mile jaunt through the country—that I had said Joe's name was John. In fact, I didn't say so.

I wrote that article while I was still in the Northwest and sent it back east to my stenographer to type. She did what she does with all my manuscripts, checked the proper names to make sure that her boss hadn't pulled any bones. Her authority in Joe's case was the usually reliable "World Almanac," which states on page 878 of its 1924 edition that the governor of Montana is "*John* M. Dixon." Hence the change, and hence the very natural impression of one of your readers that I had never been in the glorious State of Montana.

Another reader, Mr. John B. Greene (or is it Joe?) of Rapid City, S. D., who says that "Collier's has been a party to perpetrating a vast injustice," has jumped before he is hurt. In my necessarily brief reference to the wheat situation as it affects the political prospects in Minnesota, Montana, and the Dakotas, I did state that "these four are the great one-crop commonwealths"—and I stated only the well-known truth. Within the boundaries of these four states is substantially the entire region affected by the one-crop crisis: a fact so generally known that these four states are designated in one of the principal farm relief measures as the sole beneficiaries of the act. But of course Nature's boundaries do not run absolutely according to the dictates of state surveyors, and there are large sections of western Montana, southern South Dakota, and eastern Minnesota—there are even spots in North Dakota—where farming and banking conditions are quite as Mr. Greene, the secretary of the Rapid City Commercial Club, would tell the world (by way of Collier's Horizon Page) they are.

FREDERICK L. COLLINS,
New York City.

The Wilderness Campaign

To the Editor of Collier's:

Just by accident last night I bought a Collier's, and this morning I've read the first story, "Out of the Wilderness," by Bertha Lowry Gwynne. It was pure joy from beginning to end. If you're going to have that sort of fiction as a steady diet, I'm on for Collier's for all time. I'll get this letter off and then dip into the rest of the copy I have.

JEAN MAURY, Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I read everything in the current Collier's except "Out of the Wilderness" Most writings of women give me a pain —especially this story. I glanced at the first paragraph only: ". . . Her lovely bare arm . . . 'I like fat babies,'" etc. Such stuff makes me sick. I don't understand why you publish such rot.

C. G. ARNOLD,
Lincoln, Neb.

The Boy That Was a Lot of Us

To the Editor of Collier's:

"The Boy That Was I," by Walter Lincoln Whittlesey, takes the pie, berries and all. To be taken back to the days of youth in such a way is indeed a thrill that is worth while. Being country born, I can appreciate it fully, and am very thankful to Collier's.

G. D. RAVENS,
New York City.

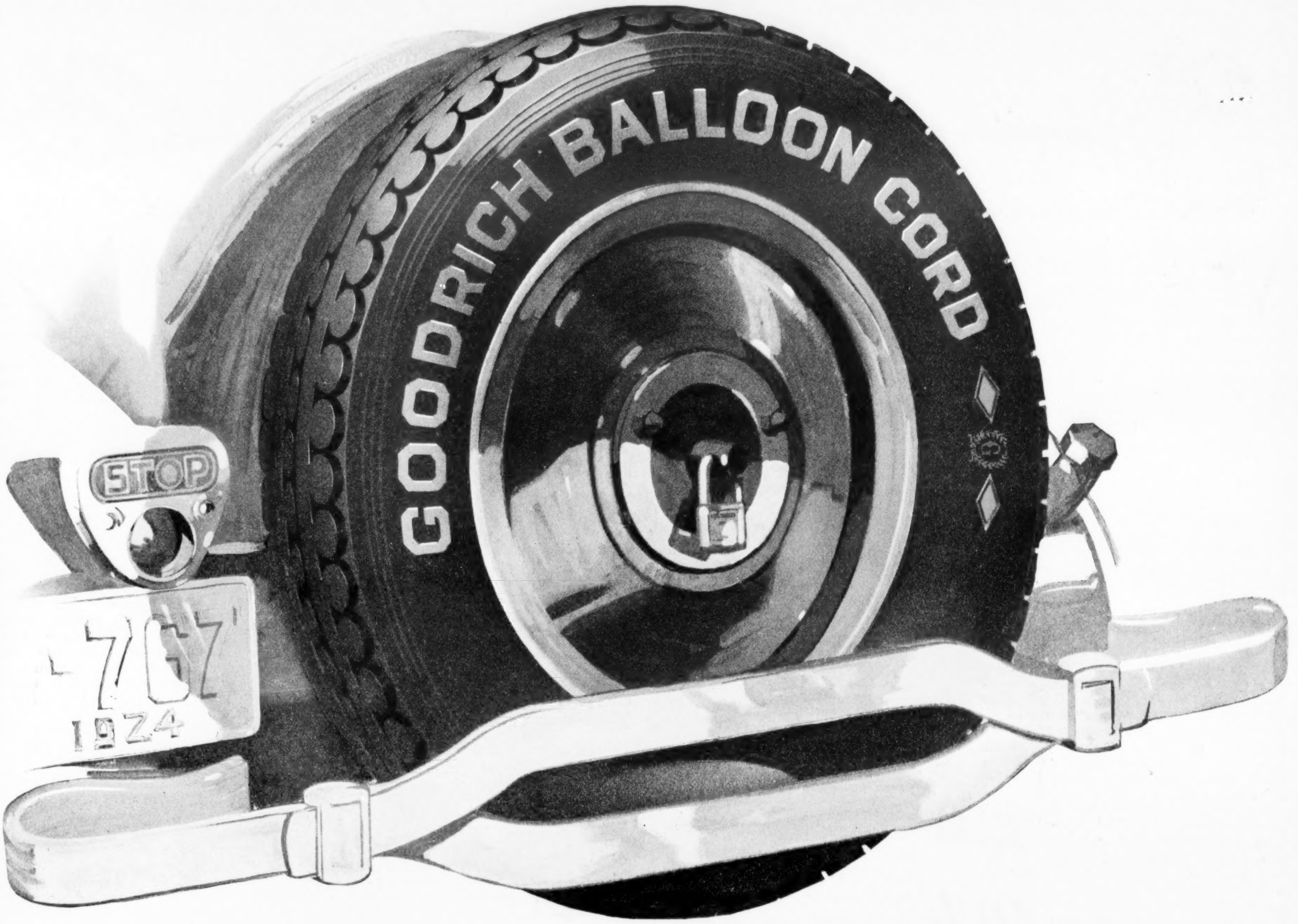
A Disappointment

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have just subscribed to your magazine and am greatly disappointed, as I had expected a measure of liberalism and fairness in its editorials and Uncle Henry's articles. Instead it almost outdoes the daily press in nasty and unfair reflections on Congressmen who would purge our land of corruption.

L. T. PRICE, West Chester, Pa.

But does high, disinterested purpose really characterize all that has been done by the Congressional purgers, or very much that has been done by some of them?



Goodrich Balloon Cords for the Tour

Goodrich Balloon Cords add a new comfort, enjoyment, and all-round betterment to the car which arouses the enthusiasm of the motorist seeking a special de luxe service.

On a tour they are a big factor in the pleasure of the trip . . . Restful in riding, doubly restful in driving, they actually increase the mileage of the day's travel.

Easier on the car, they minimize mishaps to the mechanism of the car . . . With their broader road contact they give a real anti-skid traction.

Goodrich manufactures the quality Balloon Cords . . . We make them for 20, 21, and 22 inch wheels, and also for existing wheels and rims . . . Your Goodrich dealer will inform you what is the right size for your car.

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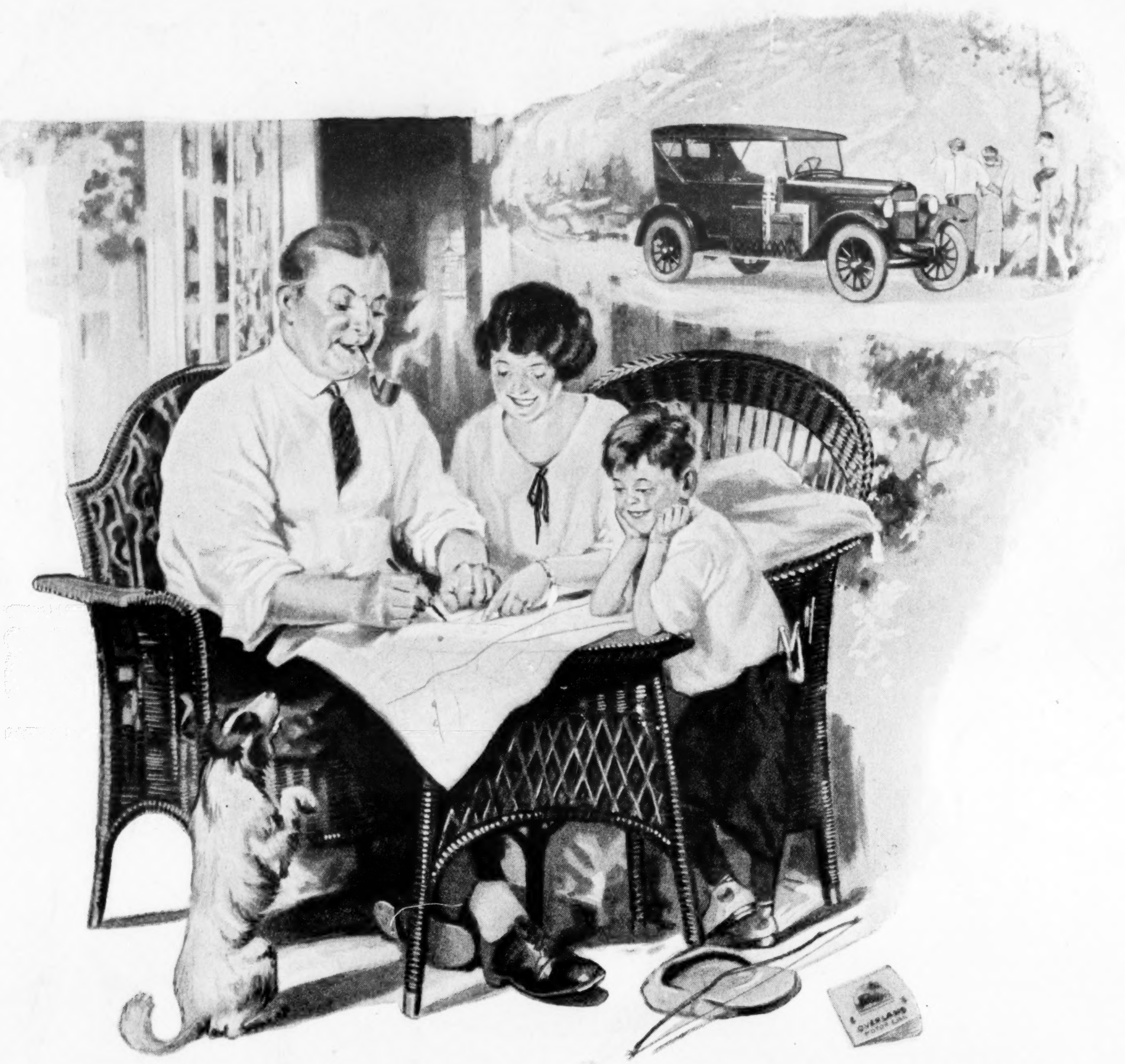
OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER



Open the Gates to Wonderland!

SOME SUNNY DAY very soon, just drive an Overland up to your door—tell the family to hurry the packing and get aboard—and be off with smiles down the nearest road—free, loose and happy—bound for green wonderlands in a car you can drive all over the map with pleasure, comfort and economy!

Overland gives you back every penny in the good times you enjoy. The little trips of every day and the long trips of vacation time only prove, and keep on proving, what a big carful of quality Overland gives for the money.

Overland is the only touring car near the price that gives you an *all-steel* body permanently beautiful with an oven-baked enamel finish—and the only car at *any* price with *patented* Triplex Springs—which ride you gently and buoyantly over all the bumps on bad roads, *cushioning* the very miles.

Oceans of power leap to the throttle when you shoot your Overland up the hills. Power that thrills you—and reliability you can trust. The sturdy Overland axles, the smooth-operating disc-type clutch fully enclosed and protected from dirt and dust—these and a score of other notable features give Overland a big lead in quality and endurance.

Overland lives long and serves faithfully—and measures manfully up to its reputation as "the most automobile in the world for the money." You can have the time of your life with an Overland without boring a hole in your pocket. It saves you money in first cost—and keeps upkeep 'way down! Hit the trail to better times—fling open the gates to Wonderland!

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Other Overland Models: Chassis $395; Roadster $495; Business Coupe $650; Coupe-Sedan $655; Blue Bird $725; Sedan $795; Spad Commercial Car $523; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
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